

Sonnets
of
San Francisco
in Swingtime
and
Other Poems

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By Elizabeth von Schonberg

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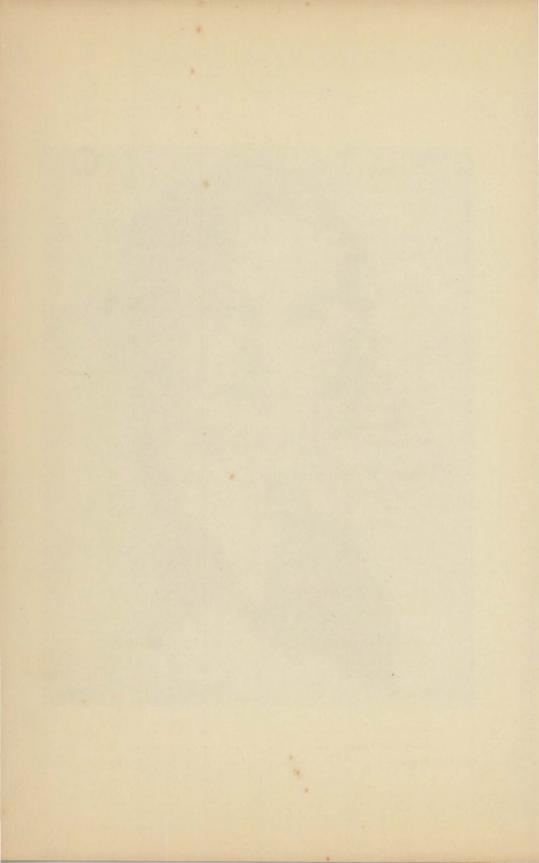
Impressions by
The Nookwood Press
which is in
San Francisco
by the Golden Gate

"For it is not metres, but a metre-making argument that makes a poem, — a thought so passionate and alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own. . . . For the experience of each new age requires a new confession."

—Emerson.

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INDEX

Accusation .											68
Accusation . A Dream .										2	7-28
America											112
April Dawn .											56
Artist's Mode											
Autumn Haz											
Banshee											86
Blind Singer						•	•	•		99	-100
Chinatown											
Confidence .											49
Constancy .											75
Consolation											97
Compensatio	n.										66
Compromise											38
Counsellor .							•				29
Danny Wag	on							,			96
Day's End .											110
December .											106
December . Dream Hous	е.				٠	•					103
Envy											46
Flying Bird .											101
Forgiveness											
Glimpse of R	ussi	ian	Н	ill					18	3-1	9-20
Gypsy Lady											
Hands								•			41
Happiness .											47
Heritage											
Hogs Is Hogs											
Hope											

REGER

Senicy Wingon							
i bud a'yad							

INDEX-Continued

Inspiration	•			•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		77
Kismet .													,	3	4-35
Life Begins													1	04	-105
Moonlight	Son	na	ta	(B	eet	ho	vei	n)							76
Model's Pr	ote	st													80
Minx															67
Mother .									,					6	0-61
Music Vers	sus	N	lus	е											85
My Dog .															87
My Jean .															93
My Wish .															64
Nineteen T	hirt	y-	Six		•				•						36
Nineteen F	ort	Y			•	•	•	•		•		•	•	•	37
Old Wine	•														73
Paradoxes															71
Pay Off .	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	·	·	•	42
Poet's Pray	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	11
Portrait Pai	nto		•	•	•	•	•		•	•	•	·			78
Portrait of	~ I	4		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•			94
Portsmouth															
Promise .	by	luc	116	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	53
Fromise .	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	00
Rebuke .															59
Rebellion															
Redwood T															
Remembran	ice														70
Resolution															90
Resolution Retribution															40
Ridel															25

INDEX-Continued

						meil
						and a maphy
						Manker Morteer Morte Vendes 1
						ged yk
						- solw bic
						Pay Oll
						Perfements Squ
						Tradales

INDEX—Continued

San Francisc	o By	y D	αγ		•			12	-13	-1	4-15
San Francisc	co A	it 1	Nig	ht						1	6-17
Saddest Son											111
Salute											43
Savior, Neve	r Le	av	e l	Иe							54
Sculpture .											
September H	Iolid	ay									57
Seventy-Two	an	d '	Tw	0							72
Silence											114
Sleep											109
Sleepyhead											45
Spring Flow	ers										74
Spring Song											55
Steam Room											
Strategy											
Telephone T	wad	dle	•								95
The Bridge .											
The Cabbag	e Fi	eld	s								22
The Hearth									. 10	7-	108
The Gong .											
The Sea											
The Tide .											26
Thoroughbre	d.										44
Γο α Seα Gui	11.										33
To Mac							,				91
Treasure											69
Tribute											
True Story .											
Union Square	e.										21
•											
Vacation .											98
Wanderlust										31	-32
Western Nig	ht										30

INDEX -Continued

							47
							- 12
							TH.

POET'S PRAYER

Dear God—make me say simply
The things I have to say,
And help me to be worthy—
This, most of all, I pray:
Then I may find the comfort
That to the heart will speak.
Almighty God—deliver me
From words that strain and creak.

Grant that I may see truly,
No blandishments condone;
Help me to give hope to hearts
Bewildered as my own;
And if I lose the vision—
Lay down my futile pen!
Kind Father—keep me silent
Until You speak again.



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The things I have to say,
And help me to be worthy—
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Kind Father—keep me silent
Until You speak again.

Change

SAN FRANCISCO BY DAY ...

When morning flings her banners Across the patient sky Lady San Francisco wakes With a languorous sigh, And rolls back fleecy blankets Of fog down to the Bay; Or welcomes with sparkling face An Indian Summer day. Then the crystal air is like Exhilarating wine Challenge and fair promises The city's form entwine Like garlands—some fulfillment Held in each golden hour; At noon, quite irresistible Her gaiety and power. From early morn 'til evening The tread of eager feet Rings upon the pavements— Seems to defy defeat!

In shops you find Old London New York and Hollywood; Leisurely they wield a spell In beauty's smartest mood. A gown may look like Paris And yet a certain flair Will mark it "San Francisco" That subtle savoir faire! And then you stop for luncheon, Perhaps in some old lane Gav with marigolds and books; But in November rain, You may prefer a fireside— A quiet English tea, Or have a Russian salad On a Spanish balconyl Banked blossoms on the sidewalk Give streets a festive air, For Lady San Francisco Wears flowers in her hair.

SAN CHANCISCO IT DAY

When morning sings less bannons
Across the potient six
Lody Son Francisco welces
With a long-torons sigh.
And rolls back flency riomicets
Of log down to the Doy.
Or welcomes with aparting lans
for indian Summer day.
Then the crystal six is like
Exhiberating wine
Exhiberating wine
Challenge and ian promises
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The city's form entwine
His gardends—come initialment
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A gown may look like Farin
And yet a cottain that
Will mark it 'San I madato'
That subtle servin toke?
And then you stop for lancacon
Perhaps in some old less
Our with mangalos and books
four in November rons.
You may profer a massace—
Sure may profer a massace—
Sure may profer a massace—
Sure how a lancace and of
De a Spanish rons.
Or have a lancace and add
De a Spanish bounded
De a Spanish bounded
De a Spanish bounded
De a Ludy Ean Linner's
For Ludy Ean Linner's
Her Ludy Ean Linner's

The Civic Center—Opera House We all salute you now! Did someone call you beautiful, "The city that knows how"? There are some old shabby streets, Houses of crude design; Remember, these were built in days And in a harassed time When shelter was the object. And any kind of home Was heaven—facing struggle— Grim work for years to come! But who has ever risen. A city-or a man To heights of great achievement Until his life began To climb out of the ashes Of youth's first silver dreams And built his real destiny With life's more solid beams?

And now she reaches outward Embracing wide and free, The hills and forest gardens-Dunes by the tossing sea; And you may find in houses Old England, Spain or France, That still are Californian— Sure progress and romance! The haughty grand old mansions **Along Pacific Heights** Stand like a benediction Against the sunset lights Where the quaint old cable cars Climb hills in steep ascent, At every turn revealing Views more magnificent: The Bay and its three islands, Old Tamalpais, too, Where sleeps the Indian Maiden Above the water's blue.

The Civic Center—Opera issues
We all sainte you now!
Did someone call you beautiful.
"The ally that known how?!
There are some aid shortly streets.
Houses of crude design.
Remember, these were insit in day.
And in a harassed time.
When shelter was the object.
And any kind of home.
Was heaven—lacing strugglo—And with far years to come!
A city—or a man.
To beights of great absenting the bie began.
To beights of great absenting to climb out of the aspect.
Of youth's inst silver dreams.
And built his real destiny.
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With life's more solid beams?
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And you may find in houses
Old England. Spain or France.
That still are Coltionnian.
Sime progress and remanced
The haughty grand old mansions
Along Pacific Heights
Stand like a benediction
Avainst the sunset lights
Avainst the sunset lights
Climb hills in steep ascent.
Views more magnificants
At overy turn revealing
Views more magnificants
Old Tanalpais, too,
Old Tanalpais, too,
Where sleeps the indian Maiden
Above the waters blue.

Busy, dizzy Market Street! Do you vet find some rest? You bear the traffic's burden. Your head on Twin Peaks breast. Laden ships go out-bound past The friendly Ferry Clock; The whole world lavs its treasure Upon each mighty dock. Fisherman's Wharf, the boats gay In virgin blue—bright reds, Sail long before the day breaks Out to the deep fish beds. Brawny Italian fishermen Mend nets along the street Or with hearty native calls Watch the returning fleet. Row of little fish shops, Each with its sidewalk fire Steaming crab and lobster pots— Dine here, if you desire!

What could surpass in splendor The skyline, sweeping high— Silhouettes like symphonies In stone, against the sky. Swaying Eucalyptus trees Wave their dark green plumes As if to bid you welcome, And hum their soft wind-tunes. Beautiful Yacht Harbor— The aquatic pier, Dipping sails and gleaming spars Curt'sy to Belvedere; And dear old Sausalito. Homes climb the misty heights Detached and solemn gateway To all Marin's delights! Jolly week-end crowds go there Where dappled trails enfold The threshold of an empire, Hills splashed with blue and gold! Huay, disay Manjert Street!
Do you yet shad so as real?
You bear the trains a surden.
Your send on Twin Peal's breast.
Laren ships go out-bound past
The triendly Ferry Clorist
The whole world lays its treasure
Upon oach mightly dock.
Fisherman's Whare the boats gay
in virgin blue-bright rads.
Sail long before the day breaks.
Sail long before the day breaks.
Brawny Italian tishermen.
Mand nets along the street
Or with hearly native calls.
Watch the returning fleet.
Roch with its sidewalk tire
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Homes climb the adelphis
Homes climb the adelphis
Letached and solemn gateway
Jolly week-end crowds go there
jolly week-end crowds go there
Jolly week-end crowds go there
Jolly spleshed take anold
Jills splashed with blue and gold!
Hills splashed with blue and gold!

The old Mission Dolores— Upon this hallow'd ground, A gentle padre's spirit Goes by without a sound. Uncanny to imagine So near to these dim walls The thriving, striving district The Angelus still calls! How proud the smooth, wide roadways Thru trim Presidio: By the old adobe house The saddened trees still blow. Temple of Art which crowns the hills Above the Golden Gate: Shrine to those who paid the price Of War's most tragic fate. Another like a candle Stands out—a shaft of light That adds its own chaste beauty To this historic site.

How could a pen describe the Park The little singing streams, And all the miles of beauty— It is a place of dreams. Along the beach, jade lined waves Leave snowy frills of foam: Children playing in the sand Start drowsily for home. The lonely cliffs at Land's End Where seagulls wheel and cry A giant Chinese lantern Sinks in a sombre sky. O, Lovely San Francisco! Long hold me to your heart— Let me hear you whisper: "We shall not really part!" I know that I shall wander— The ships still beckon me; With chastened, pagan rapture, I shall return to thee!

Sommers of You Principles

The old Mission Relates—
Uses inia policy of grand.
A genile pedre's spari.
Goes by without a sound.
Uncomy to imagine
So near to those dies walls.
The deriving staiving derion.
The deriving staiving derion.
The frequent still order.
The frequent still order.
The stain Previous.
The ordinand week was nordered.
The ordinand week to be been.
The ordinand week to be been.
The stain of the control of the miss.
Shrine to those who could the miss.
Another the those who could the miss.
Another the those who could the miss.
That order its own charts at tight.
The this bistorie size own charts beauty.
To this bistorie aim or charts beauty.
To this bistorie aim or charts beauty.
To this bistorie aim or charts beauty.

How could a pan describe the Russ.
The inde singing uncarred.
And all the miles of energy.
It is a piero of describ.
Along the bounts, puts hand waves that the bounty fulls of locate.
Children playing is in send.
Sing derently for increasing the locate story alits at locate and are full.
A given energials wheat and are thought in the sample sing.
A given the Prenches sing.
Lot me had you bringer.
Lot me had you winiped.
Lot me had your winiped.
Lot me had payen winiped.
Lot me had your winiped.
Lot me had payen winiped.
Lot me had to be a payen weather.
Lot me had return to these the payen recomments the sample of the

SAN FRANCISCO AT NIGHT

The charm of San Francisco!
With strangely deep repose
Her beauty blooms at evening...
The solid splendor glows.
I like to dance to rhythm
Of a night club's muted din;
Sophisticated patter,
I often revel in.

The silver gleam of tables
Beneath the soft light's glow;
The deference of waiters
And smartest floor show.
To see the lovely ladies
Escorts in "tails" or "tux"
Delights me with its glamor
When we go out de luxe.

Or to dine in Bohemia
Where flows the old red wine
Of Naples—or in Paris,
Madrid or on the Rhine.
The food is sheer perfection;
Each place unique in tone—
Yet something of atmosphere
Is San Francisco's own!

So picturesque, informal— To make the tables gay, A thousand color'd candles Have burned their lives away. Their waxen ghosts are clinging To bottles, where the same Fate awaits one burning, and Eyes meet across the flame.

SAN PRANCISCO AT NICHT

The charm of Sun Franciscoi
With strungaly deep repose
Her begaty blooms at evening
The solid splender glows
I like to demos to risythm
Of a night club's muted dist
Sephisticated patter.
I often revelin.

The silver oleons of tables fements the not light's grow for delerence of waters And smartest floor snow. To see the lovely ladies facorts in 'tails' or 'tus' Delights me with its glomes When we go out de luxe.

Or to dine in Rohemid
Where flows the old sed wine
Of Maples—or in Paris.
Madrid or on the filting.
The food is sincer perfection:
Zach place unique in tense—
Yes complaint of annosphere
Is San Francisco's own!

So picturesque, informal—
To make the tables goy.
A thousand solar'd canaliss
Have burned their fives away.
Their waren ghosts are clinque;
In bottles, where the same
i are awaits one burning, and
i was most occase ine flame.

The glitter of a million
Twinkling lights across the Bay
And boats like floating jewels
Pass each other on their way
Below the mighty bridges—
Eight miles of lights or more,
Like necklaces against the sky
Connecting shore with shore.

Tiers of gleaming apartments
That touch the stars it seems,
Like guards upon the hills stand
Aloof in brooding dreams.
Sometimes in the Winter
Nights warm as Spring can be
And in the long midsummer
Cool fog drifts from the sea.

Then Lady San Francisco
Wears billowing chiffon—
Drifting veils of silver mist
She may discard at dawn.
Memory of those evenings in
My captive heart remain
And always her enchantment
Will lure me back again.

The officer of a million
I winking ughts access the day
And boats the destine pavels
Faus each office on their way
below the mighty briegos—
Ligar miles of lights or more,
Ligar miles of lights or more,
Connecting shore with shore.

Then of elecating appriments
That rough the store it seems.
Like guards upon the tills stand
Alast in brooding dreams.
Sometimes in the Winter
Nignis worst as Spring can be
And in the long midstanmer
Coal tog aritis from the sea.

Then hady San Francisco
Wears billowing chiffen—
Drining veils of silver mist
She may discard at down.
Memory of those evenings in
My captive hear remain
And always her enchantment
Will have me back again.

GLIMPSE OF RUSSIAN HILL...

Across the street an artist
To canvas plies his oils;
By windows down below him
A patient sculptor toils.
In the tower here above
My little studio
A charming girl does languages—
Song and scenario.

The man there at the corner
In Broadway's heyday stood
Right at the top, and now climbs
Again in Hollywood.
Across the court, a lady
Who makes the air waves hum
With articles on travel
From Mars to Christendom!

Next door—he lives for music—Directs a symphony,
Majestic themes like rainbows
In waves break over me.
He practices with records
Meticulous baton
Directs the winds and thunder
His genius waits upon.

The lovely wife—a pianist
With weakness for Bizet
And then—the saints preserve us!
They both begin to play
At oncel each is so earnest
Both so immersed—intent,
They do not even notice
My gales of merriment.

GLEWPSE, OF HUSSIAN HILL.

A charming gird does longuages.

A charming gird does longuages.

Song and stemming gird does longuages.

The monthese of the chaer
in Broadway a beyday place
Right of the rop, and new charse
Agein in the rop, and new charse
Agein in the rop, and new charse
Whe makes the on waves into
Will esticles on travel
From Mans to Christendoml

Next door-he less for nusical parents : symphony, Majesta thomes the rotabews in waves break ever me. He grantises with roccode Meticulous batter. Thereis the vilade and thunder like genius watts upon.

The levely wile—a gignist

With vandeness for Sixet

And then—the sense preserve cel

They both begin to play

At oncel each is so emness

Both so immersed—intent

Tracy do not evin notice

My gales of maniment.

I pause in consternation
Concerned for neighbors' peace
For have I not been singing
An aria from Thais?
Ah, well, what does it matter?
The hill is silent now
Tall hollyhocks lay rosy cheeks
Against the maple's bough.

Part II

If I could mould a symphony
My song would not so lonely be
As in the violin's soft cry
I sometimes hear as I pass by;
Does some lost song escape him, tool
With all his being bent to woo
Its beauty from beyond the star
The eyes can see, yet no hand mar?
In wisdom do the gods who teach
Withhold some treasure out of reach,
So that we seek and strive the more
To even touch the sacred door?

Part III

Climb further up the winding street
To where the eucalyptus meet,
Their dark green tresses lift and flow
At sunset when the trade winds blow.
And there SHE dwells, a storm tossed Rose
No sadder songs could Grief compose,
Drop'd from her fingers—poignant, light,
Like petals fall to bless the night.

I pause in constanction
Concerned for neighbors' peace
For have I not been singing
An and been Indie?
Ah, walk what does it matter?
I've hill is signt now
Tall hollyhooks iny resy cheeks
Against the maple's bough.

Part II

If I could moved a symplemy
My song would not so ionely be
As in the violin's soft cry
I sometimes hear as I pass by:
Does some lost song escape him, tool
With all his being bent to woo
Its beauty from beyond the star
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Withhold some treasure out of reach
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To where the eucalypius meet.
Their dark green treeses lift and how.
At sunset when the trade winds blow.
And there SHE dwells, a storm tossed Bose.
No sadder songs could Grief compose.
Drop'd from her imgers—potgnant, light.
Like petals full to bless the night.

Nearby a girl—gentle and gay,
Her gorgeous harp throbs thru the day;
The touch of bard, and pride of kings
It wears upon its golden strings.
Weaving mute dreams, or melody;
I'm almost sure I heard it sigh
Between the verses of a song,
And once soft laughter rippled long.

Some truly great who are no more— When maples rustle near my door, I sometimes fancy roaming still About this quiet, sunny hill. Negriby a girl-goods and gay,
lifet qergeous harp throbe thro the day,
the touch of band, and prote of kings
it weam upon its goiden strings.
Wedving mule dreems or malody:
I'm chacel sure I heard it sigh
Serwood the venes of a sang.
And once sell laughter applied long

Some truly great who me no more When majues malle bear my deer, I sometimes facey recrains will have this quiet, surne his.

UNION SQUARE

In San Francisco's busy heart
A place serene is set apart
Where men may linger as they pass,
And pigeons strut upon the grass
Or circle monument and tree—
How fitting that proud Victory
Her arms in sure acclaim should raise
Inspiring men to win her praise!

In spring the regal tulips hold
Gay cups of cheer to young and old;
Amid the traffic's roar and clang
A bird's song thru the palm trees rang!
Discouraged men new strength have found
Stretched on that warm and sunny ground,
And lonely hearts find solace there . . .
We owe you much—Old Union Square!



UNION SQUARE

In San Francisco's busy heart
A place serene is set apart
Where men may linger as they pass.
And pigeous strat upon the grass
Or circle monament and tree—
How litting that proud Victory
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Amid the utallic's row and clang
A bird's song thru the palm trees rangi
Discouraged men new strength have tound
Stretched on that were and sunny ground.
And lonely bearts find soluce there.
We owe you much—Old Union Squarel

Caracita

THE CABBAGE FIELDS

The Skyline Road winds to the south Below the blue Bay's smiling mouth, Thru cabbage fields that may be seen To share the poppies' gold and green! Some patches are pure amethyst, The hill's breast bared to cool blue mist And solitude; the young plants there Unfolding in the morning air.

Where clouded hills are cool and brown A thousand rows curve up and down Upon the bosom of the land That once was barren, lonely sand. Then interlacing shafts of sun, That tantalize the cypress spun Into the fabric of each hill, Where crystal lakes are cradled still.

I'd rather BE a cabbage than
A miserable half-a-man
Who had not breathed with sun and rain
Or known the joy and keening pain
Of growing! Let me always be
Array'd in true humility
Before these green fields; let me know
The beauty found in things that grow!



THE CABBAGE FIELDS

The Skyline Bood winds to the south. Below the blue Boy's smiling mouth. Thru cabbage fields that may he seen. To share the poppies gold and areas! Some patches are pure amethyst. The hill's breast based to coal blue mist. And solitudes the young plants there. Unfolding in the morning air.

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Where crystal lakes are crudied still.

I'd rather BE a cabbage than
A miserable helt-a-man
Who had not breathed with our oad rain
Or known the toy and keening pain
Of growing! Let me always be
Array'd in true humility
Before these green fields: let me know
The beauty found in things that grew!

THE BRIDGE

To contemplate the Bridge of Golden Gate Should stop our petty bickerings at fate! 'Tis not a Bridge of Sighs, all dim and grey, For courage and high vision build today. Achievement! This is what shall henceforth be The measure of our aristocracy!

The worth of MAN—not rank nor greedy gold. This mighty thing shall blaze a trail untold As yet in minds and hearts of noble men; Give back to us our hopes, our lives again—The gap between the past and future days A symbol so magnificent portrays A monument to one who led us on With his own fearlessness, and work well done!

Onl you mighty span of our blue waters, Where silent seagulls soar above the Bay; Onward, too, shall go your sons and daughters— Naught shall stay our greater destiny!

SDOISE SET

To contemplate the Bridge of Golden Gate
Should stap our petty bickerings or face!
The not a Bridge of States all dish and gray,
I'm courage and high vision build teday.
Achievement! This is what shall henceforts be
the measure of our areasonny!

The worth of MAN—not tent not greedy gold.
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Give back to us our hopes, our lives again.—
The gap between the past and father days
A symbol so magnificent pormags
A monument to one who led us on
With his own learlessans, and work well deport

Only you oxighty spon of our blue waters.
Where silent eacquils soon above the Brey.
Onward, too, shall go your soon and daughton.
Naught shall stay our greater destiny!

THE SEA

I know I shall never live far from the sea,
Its seething blue restlessness fascinates me.
Having so much of the earth and the sky
Should bring to that great heart some peace by-and-by.
But even on days when it slumbers in sun,
Deep smouldering strength for new storm has begun,
I fear, while I love you, tempestuous sea
Some challenge you fling to the savage in me!

When proud ships go out in white wake of foam I think of the hearts that are sailing home, And those who are leaving it far behind . . . (Ah, flaunt not your strength today, free west wind!) They are not aware that I follow them there. And some of each joy and each heartache share. Some day I shall go in the teeth of a gale To conquer you there with trade winds in my sail!

And after that day I shall fear you no more, But would I not then love you less than before? My strange woman's heart could not long be content Pay homage, to strength that to whims could be bent! I must test your power and thus know my own, For all your wide grandeur, your heart is pure stone! But still I shall sail with the wind in my spars—Firm hands on the wheel and my eyes on the stars.

If only your winds sweep black clouds from the sky
My craft shall be safe on the waves rolling high—
Thru roar of the storm and cold lashing of spray,
Leave one steady light from the landward, I pray!
When I have grown weary—the moon sinking low—
Call the wild winds back to their caves down below;
Let me reach the shore on your deep, gentle breast
For a woman's heart must at last find rest!

THE SEA

I know I shall never live for from the sea,
its sociking bine resileusnoss forcinates me.
Alcving so much of the earth and the sky
Should bring to that great hour! some peace by-and by.
But even on days when it shunbers in sun.
Deep smouldering strength for new storm has begun.
I fear, while I love you, tempostuous sea

When proud ships go out in white wake of home I think of the hearts that are sailing home. And those who are leaving it for behind...

(And those who are leaving it for behind...

(An flount not your areagh today, free wast wind!) They are not aware that I tollow them there. And some of each joy and each beattache shere.

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Call the wild winds back to their caves down below:
Let me reach the shore on your deep, gentle breast
for a woman's heart must at last find rest!

RIDE

Ride 'em, sailor, ride 'em! When the waves roll high And the shrill Nor'easter Blackens all the sky.

Ridel in spite of lashing gale

Or tug of undertow;

Soon each crested heaving wave

Must roll to shore, y'know!



BUIN

Bide 'em. authur ride 'eint
When the shufil Nor'noustee
And the shufil Nor'noustee
Binelenne oll the phys

Scen each areased heaving gule
Scen each areased heaving ware
Must roll to short, y largest

THE TIDE

The strong waves thunder on the beach, Each blue arch breaking on the sand Reminding us that circumstance Moves steadily on sea—or land. And when the tide has turned again Debris is often stranded there, Thru dreary nights and torrid days Forgotten—scattered everywhere.

The hours pass—in unison
Swings sun and moon and swelling tide
The rolling rhythm beats again
With fast returning strength and pride.
In ebb and flow another sea:
The waves of life beat on the shore
Of every heart and float at last
Flotsam with treasure at its core!



BOITBHI

The strong waves thunder on the beach.

Each blue and breaking on the sand
Reminding us that areamstrance
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The rolling rhythm beats again

With last returning strength and pride.
In ebb and flow another sem

The waves of his beat on the share

Of every heart and float at last

Flotsam with treasure at its core!

A DREAM...

The source of life itself, I could not see
But in the shade, as of a mighty tree
That spread across the earth and touched the sky
I stood aside, and watched all life pass by.

It was so vast—stupendous pageantry
Swept on—magnificence and tragedy
Combined; the Weaver's hand moved unafraid,
A tapestry by ceaseless weaving made!
Some gorgeous threads, and some as black as night,
Not one escaped—it was a thrilling sight!
But I? I had no part in all of this;
Shared neither in the torment nor the bliss;
Beside the vastness of the crying need
I seemed less than a scrap of broken reed.

In deep anguish of spirit standing there
"Dear God, let me," I prayed, "in some way share
At least the weight of pain! Let one small part
Be mine, that I may feel life's throbbing heart
And give." Give what? For then I seemed to be
A chalice holding naught on land or sea
Save love; I saw that dark and ugly stain
And tried to stay the Weaver's hand again.
Of what use would it be—this one small cup?...
"The others!" From my knees I stumbled up
And clung to that relentless moving arm,
My puny strength against his giant form.

The eyes that never had known rest or sleep Glanced pityingly at me—too sad to weep! "Their cups hold mostly hate—those who would give; Right eagerly they share them—God, forgive! But you who offer love—a precious thing, You keep it for yourselves, or merely sing About it to some loved one—I still say: That love is only great when given away!"

.. MARROA

The source of life inedi. I could not see But in the shorts, us of a might; nee That spread access his outh and touched the step I stood ender, and weighed all his pass by.

It was so vest—stepped out an englastic Sweet out angustics and inaged out angustics of Seculomed the Weaver's bond moved uncted a topeatry by councies weaving model Some gargeous timeads, and some as black as night for one escaped—it was a thailling sight on the order of the third Shared neither in the terreent nor the blisse Shared neither in the terreent nor the blisse Seade the vasiness of the crying used a second less than a second of broken read.

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Itigin expertly they share them—God, forgive!

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Four year who eller love—a precisen thing.

You knop it for yourselves, or metally slar.

Thet love is only great when given away!

His laugh was strangely weary, strangely strong; My tears were staunched, and in my heart a song, Rememb'ring One who lived and died to prove That man must lose, to find, himself; and love The only weapon needed in the smallest hand To hold aloft, and so all strength command.

I touched the Weaver's hand—heard his reply, Wisdom of ages sounding at my cry; And in the living pattern a wider thread Of shining gold thru all the darkness spread.



His lauch was strangely weary, strangely strang My toms were strangelied, and in my bean a sons Hemomb ring the who nved and dies to prove That man and lose, to that, himself and love The only weapon needed in the sandlest hand To hold alon, and so all asength command.

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Wisdom of ages sounding at any ery:
And in the living patient, a wider thread
Of shiring gold rive all the durintess spread.

COUNSELLOR

She's practical and—positive!
The counsellor near whom I live,
"Ideals, now," she says, "are fine
But no man wants them ALL the time!"

In apprehension red curls shook: "Don't YOU get stuck on any book, Or lectures; or those songs you sing They'll GET you, sure as anything!"

The world-wise woman disappears
And back across the hectic years
A little girl among the pines
Walks swiftly to the roar of mines . . .

Absorbing with the dust of gold The rugged speech, and life as told By old Mark Twain, and Bret Harte, too; Well, little neighbor—here's to you!

COUNSEILOR

Sho's precised and positively and countries I live.
The countries new also seem was the day.
But no man wants then but I've that

Tooks TOU get Stude on any beele Tooks TOU get Stude on any beele Of loomness or these congs vor sing Ther? GET you, note as anything

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And leads across the heads yours.
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Absorbing with the dust of gold.
The regged speech, and life as told.
By old Mark Twent, one Eret Harte, too:
We'll lifts neighbor - hare's se you

WESTERN NIGHT ...

A lilac-scented night in early June
I stand alone upon a virgin dune
Of sunset-tinted sand, where lately spring
Has left a beauty past imagining!

Alone? Yet I feel at this strange shrine
A presence not human, but divine
Some spirit of the Summer night, maybe,
That flings its starlit mantle over me
So that I hear, and long to understand,
The sounds that break across the waiting land,
And mingle with their breath of mystery,
The distant drowsy murmur of the Seal

The tender moon, pale bride of night, ascends
In streaming veil of silver mist and wends
Her stately way, like some beloved queen
To meet her lord, radiantly serene—
Then some of that rare splendor found my heart
And bore it singing to a land apart...
Tho nights may come that shall less tranquil be
God grant that they may leave this song with me!



WESTERN NIGHT.

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Then some of that rare splender tound my heat.
And here if singing to a land apart.
The nights and come that shall less tranquil be
God grant that they may leave tide song with any

WANDERLUST ...

I stand here by my window
And watch the ships go by—
To distant shore of Singapore
And back from Old Shanghai;
I watch each stately passing
And feel the old, mad thrill—
I stand upon a gleaming deck
Instead of Russian Hill!

Beneath gigantic bridges,
Beyond the Golden Gate,
In swirling mist or glinting sun,
I travel swift as Fate.
I'll see a Hindu faquir
And marvel at his tricks;
But do not fret, my darling,
I shall be back at six!

And sitting 'cross the table
You do not know that I
Have spent the day in Bangkok
Or down in Old Hawaii!
I walk thru dim, old temples
And musty, gay bazaars,
Or ride in silent wonder
Beneath the desert stars.

Last night you said: "Mavourneen, What perfume do you wear?"
Shure—that was only fragrance
Of spices in my hair!
And when I'm absent-minded
That doesn't mean a thing—
Except a slow returning
From that day's journeying.

TRU PREGUE

i stend here by or mederal
And seden show of disperses
And pack now told character
I works soon adding control
I stend upon a ginaming done
I stend upon a ginaming done
Lastend or liveston till!

Beneath eigenis bridges.
Beyond the Coldan Citte.
In eweling talet or eliming and
I movel swith as Fone.
I'll you a Rindu inquir.
Rad marvel of his christ.
But do not how my during.
I shall be book or that

And silting cross the table
You do not know that I
fines apont the day to Banglose
Or down in Old Haward
I woils then dies, old samples
And musty, goy basance
Or ride in citent wander
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Last night you said: Mayoumeen
What perlams do you want?
Shane—had was only imprense
Of opiose in my baid
And when i'm chemicated
That doesn't mean a ling.
Licept a slow retarning.
From that day's journeying.

I sigh no more for Singapore
Nor for the sapphire sea,
Because the ships so faithfully
Bring Singapore to me!
They bring in dreams their treasures
From Tabris and Peru,
But I shall pray to sail one day,
The seven seas with you.

I sigh no more for Singupose
Nor for the supplists see:
Because the ships so testifully
Sring Singupose to me!
They bring in dreams their removes
From Pabris, and Perus
Sur I shall pray to sail one day.
The reven seen with you.

TO A SEA GULL

Bird of the Sea—poised in the evening air,

A flash of snowy breast and silver wing!

I wonder as I watch you soaring there

Of what you think and why you do not sing;

Whence came the matchless grace with which you sweep

Above the storm in swift undaunted flight?

On each long pilgrimage your silence keep

That you may hear the mermaids' songs at night?

To ride a sapphire wave at break of day;
Strange lands—you follow ships far out to sea
Or dart into the rainbow-tinted spray
And plant this yearning in the heart of me!
What have you seen out there? Ah, who can tell?
You love the seething waves no less than I,
But have you seen their cruelty as well
That when you try to sing, you only cry?

Or is it what you've seen in lives of men That keeps you silent—seeking some lost land Where weary hearts may find their songs again? Bird of the sea—I think I understand!

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That keeps you silent—seeking some lest land
Where weary hearts may find their tongs again
Bird of the see—! think I understand!

KISMET

When ships go by at steady pace
I feel the lure of some far place
But I have seen
The dawn's first sheen
Paint gallant smiles on Erin's face.

I've seen the hawthorn bloom in Spring In misty meads heard thrushes sing Erin weeps long What to her song Will once again the old mirth bring?

And I have walked with restive feet Thru golden aisles of waving wheat Red poppies were Embroidered there Beneath the hedge of briar sweet.

I never dreamed I'd go away,
But standing there in school one day
I saw a name
It was aflame
With something—was it Destiny?

"S-A-N" I stood tip-toe
"F-R-A-N-C-I-S-C-O"
Within the year—
Well, I was here!
Erin! When I loved you so!

Now it is only in a dream
I see the hill where bluebells stream
Down thru the dell
I said farewell,
And wished upon the first star's gleam.

Tameix

When ships go by at Mesay pace I leed the lune of some for place seen but I have seen The dawn's last shown Pains gellant smalles on Entra tas

I've seen the hawthern bloom in Spring In many meads he ard thrushus visu of Erin weeps long.
What to her song.
Vill ence again the old midd bring?

And I have waized with remine heat Thru golden onless of waving whem Red popples were Embroidered there Sensoth inc nadge of briar sweet.

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"Lifet When I loyed you so!

Now it is only in a dream

I see the hill where bluebells stream

Down that the dell

I soid latewell.

And wished upon the lirst start pleam.

A lark's song trembled on the air Well I remember standing there! My wish was true... I never knew How varied Fate's caprices were.

But now I know that Fate is wise
She has been kind; and in her eyes
I see a smile . . .
For every mile
Of storm, some golden sun shall rise!



A larg's song trembled on the off.
Well I remember standing there!
My wish was true...
I never lanew
How yusied Fate's caprices were.

But now I know that Fate is wise

She has been kindt and in her eyer

I soe a smile ...

For every mile

Of storm, some golden sun shall rise

NINETEEN THIRTY-SIX...

O, Mother Earth! within your patient breast,
What yearning darkens all your hours of rest?
The throes of travail you are bearing now,
Can none be found to cool your fever'd brow
Or ease the anguish that you bear alone?
How long, how long, before we can atone
For needless woe and all the deep distress
As race fights race in frenzied waywardness?
All, children fashioned by one God—for shame!
How dare we even breathe His sacred name?
You braved so much—freely gave so long;
Return the harvests and the wild bird's song!
Why wails at ravages of drouth and flood—
Men drench your fairness with each other's blood!

Is Justice, or Principle, then just a name
That man cheats man in spoils and petty gain?
With friendship's hand, the calculating eye;
Our pampered smugness scorns the needies' cry.
In tortured pangs of this awaited birth,
Shall such things perish, or must WE, O Earth?

So faithfully you do the Mother's part To each land gave out of your very heart-Enough for all men, yet in greed, and lust For power, nations trample in the dust The very things they strive for; heed no call, No pleading voice that on the night winds fall— The call resounding like a clarion From every blade of grass, and each day's sun: "To LOVE! to GIVE! THE SUREST WAY TO GET!" Ah, Christ our Lord, do not forsæke us yet-Soon surely must the dark night's dawn break thru And once again we shall remember You, And kneel-kneel still more lowly at the feet That bled upon the cross, where we must meet Today, if we would end Earth's anguished pain And hasten birth of peace on earth again.

36

据于1862年,近日30年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,1963年,

What yours fould within your patient mean.
What yourseld souther of your boars of resident for more by the factor of work boars now.
One made he sound to cost your bear diseast to make he surgerish that four bear diseast how long, how long balace we can diseast the story long to and all the deap diseast he side was diseast to the children head one in branch of one Godester strainst four branch as made. It can be surgered and strainst to the bear of the children head of the children is harvents and the what leads many with the harvents and the what leads many.

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That some charles man in receip and printy order
With translating a nead, the calculating ages
Our pumpers a separate state and the calculation or a
in teriumed grange of international lately.
Shell such things portain, or rand 186, O Leann

Here are the sold of the state of the state

NINETEEN FORTY...

Have courage, Earth, for to your fainting heart New strength has come, no human could impart; Habits of selfishness ingrained too long The fetters that bind you are much too strong To yield to plans of men—but every land Shall feel the pressure of God's mighty hand. Then, touching levels of humility Shall earth arise in true maturity!

Too long have we worshipped at the shrine of gold; As children fight for toys, we toil to hold Possessions; and ignore the heart's true need; And so, without them would be poor indeed! Within ourselves must we first build wealth (Riches we can bring when we leave this earth!) Treasure and happiness are waiting there As we run searching for them—hastening, where?

With speed that claims its thousands down the years,
The ruthless record left in blood and tears...
But can you see the first faint rays of dawn
That bring the Light that all shall look upon?
Can you not feel new waves of gentleness?
Arms raised to strike shall soon remain to bless,
And deep compassion for his neighbor's need
Shall widen channels and man's own wealth speed!

9

God makes no promise He cannot fulfill
"All things shall be added" if we do His will;
Seek His Kingdom, and with quiet strength
And love, bring heaven down to earth at length!

NINETEEN FORTY.

Mays country hate, for is your isinting board.

Now strength has come, no human could impart.

Habits of selfishness ingrained too long.

The fetters that bind you are much too strong is yield to plans of man—but every land.

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And love, bring heaven down to earth at longish!

COMPROMISE

Even mild madness takes men nowhere Tolerance rules! To be just and fair Differing factions must compromise; In this alone the sane answer lies!

Violence—hardship? We've had enough—No hand that is true, can also be rough; And only true building and good can last So why drag foul measures out of the past To besmirch the scroll we are writing now On history's page! Let us take a vow To keep it free from the blots and stain That tarnish forever a nation's name!



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On history's page! Let us take a vow.
To keep it free hom the blots and stain.
That tamish forever a nation's name!

HOGS IS HOGS

Why is it men and women

Go crazy in a car?

Put them driving on a road

And right away they are

About as sweet as alum—

Polite as "Mussolin'";

They seem possessed of rancour

Will wreck you "cutting in."

Men pick up your handkerchief

May NOT dance on your feet—

Or stranger yet, may raise their hats

When they meet you on the street!

A man may be a decent man

He may be poor or rich;

But put him at the steering wheel,

And he's a son of a hog!

HOGSISHOGS

Wity is it men and women
Co emay ht a car?
Put them driving on a road
And right away they are
About as sweet as alam—
Polite as "Mussolin";
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Or stranger yet, may raise their haise.
When they meet you on the street!
A men may be a decent man.
He may be post or tich:
Its may be post or tich:
And he's a son of a hog?
And he's a son of a hog?

RETRIBUTION

Twice stupid and contemptible are those Who take advantage of their brothers' woes. We need no prophet nor an aged seer To tell us that the final hour is here When this last great adjustment must be made. No longer can the arm of truth be staved— It moves with pointing finger to reveal The folly other days helped to conceal. Think you that torturing or slaying men Can slay the spirit that has prompted them To claim the heritage that is their own? Why not then, also stay the mighty sun That gives life to the earth and all it bears? As men give action and should reap in shares. They give their toil, their lives on bridge or tower, While other men supply the wealth and power That makes achievement possible; no rift Should mar the triumph of united drift To progress. At such lofty heights must we Step backward and return to savagery? The shame and tragedy of Alcazar! . . . Mistaken wrongs are not made right by war. How true the proverb as from truth we flee: None are so blind as those who will not see! Who will not see that to betray, oppress Is not the way to lasting happiness. The king who sits on England's throne—he knows The House of David must forgive its foes And strive as shall our own great land to free The world; and so fulfill their destiny.

RETRIBUTION

HANDS ...

Hands that are gentle,
Hands that are kind,
Hands that are strong,
And hands that find
Time to reach outward now and then—
How glad God must have been when
He made hands!



HANDS

Monda that one gentle.

Hands that one strong.

Kinds that one strong.

Kind bends that had

Time to reach outward now and then—
How glad God must have been when

The made hands!

PAYOFF ...

We all have seen wealth held in greed When all about was direst need; Stood helpless while men have lost all, Or jest supreme—ironical! Bereft of power to enjoy The things ill-gotten pelf can buy. More bitter than the Winter's blast The boredom thru stagnation cast In selfish lives! to love; to give—The surest way to really live!

A heart will bloom in happiness Beneath love's genuine caress, Or lose its beauty, fade and die, Hide with a smiling mask, its cry.

When God presents His timely bill
"Pressed down and running over" will
The payment be. Kindness will draw
Its interest too—this is the Law
Not made by man—it does not change,
So do not seek to have revenge.
Compassion for it, takes the sting
Out of injustice and will bring
More than enough to compensate
For feeble wrongs; a brighter fate.

To injured thousands I would say: Take heart! there is another day, But wait to see God's finished plan: Be true! and fear not any man!

PAYOFF.

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When all about was direct need:
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SALUTE!

Here's to the man forced to retreat Who knows the crass taste of defeat But yet life's challenge dares to meet And still can hope!

Here's to the man who knows success Who having much, can feel no less Another's woe and deep distress And still can weep!

The man who can in loss or gain His equilibrium maintain, Keep dignity thru sun or rain, And still can pray!

SALUTE!

Here's to the man forced to retreat
Who knows the cross tosts of defect
But yet life's challenge dame to meet
And still can hopel

Here's to the man who knows success
Who having much, can feel no logs
Another's wee and deep distress
And still can weap!

The man who can in loss or gain His equilibrium maintain, Keep dignify thru sun or rain, And still can pray!

THOROUGHBRED

One cannot choose a thoroughbred Just by the way he holds his head, Nor from the points that make for place When men are entered in life's race.

A thoroughbred will always do The sporting thing—be ever true To principle, nor stoop to be A man of small, or low degree!

THOROUGHBRED

One counci choose a thoroughbred lust by the way he holds his need, Nor from the points that make for place When men are entered in life's race.

No.

A thoroughbred will always do
The aperding thing—be ever true
To principle, nor steep to be
A area of smell, or low degree!

SLEEPYHEAD

Is it night or morning now?

That's what I'd like to know!

Eyelids weighted down with sleep

Dare not risk a single peep—

I MIGHT see some waking light!

Is it morning—or still night?



SLEEPYHEAD

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Eyelids weighted down with sleep
Dare not risk a single peep—
I MIGHT see some waking light!
Is it morning—or still night?

ENVY

Today a young and lovely face
Seemed dull and harassed—lost its grace.
A girl was singing; unshed tears—
Then discontent in song appears
And very soon the deluge came.
She wearied of life's smaller game
And longed for things; so much she sought
Forgetting those that can't be bought.

And then I thought—could your heart bear
To hold as much, and would you share
Your beauty and your body's health
For all the luxuries of wealth?
Flowers have fragrance—birds have song—
Would you exchange your gifts for long?
You surely know that we must pay
For what we have, in some old way!

Half the zest in every soul
Is found in striving for some goal.
Do you not see if each had all
The temperature of life would fall
In saturated selfishness?
Then misery would come to bless
Us with its balance; boredom's plight
Would dim our days—steal sleep at night.

The car you drive—this frock you wear, At least now each may have a share... I smell perfume—and you have song? You've been deceiving all along! There! You smile—now you shall sing A gallant song with laughter's ring! Get on your knees, dear child—some day God will forgive—He's good that way!

VY Y 13 3

Today a young and lovely lace
Seemed dult and hardened—dont its press.
A qui was angusy makest tours.
Then shounded in semy appears
And very men he delege cause.
She wearlest of like's mention going
Ford longest for things so much she coupled
Tougesting those that can't be bought.

And then I thought—could you have been for it is not on much, and would you char how how how been for all the increase of weather flowers have exchange you gibs for least Yould you exchange you gibs for least You surely laren that we cause gibs for least for what we have, in same old wey!

los espes al test de Mall
Les espect el paivres al bases el
le fond de paivres al bases el
les espectes el les espectes el
les emportes el les espectes el
les entre espectes el les espectes el
les elles el paivres el paivres el
les elles el paivres el paivres el
les elles elles elles elles elles el
les elles el

To car you down this field you would

At least now equit may have a sixure...

I said nothing—and you have read

You've heat downiving all alongs

There Too make—now you shall and
A gallout rong with languist's sheet

Cot on your knoor door called come, des

God will forgive—Lie's good that way!

HAPPINESS

Life is not a Christmas tree
With silver favors hung
That we may snatch—nor think to hold
The brightness that is flung
Across the sturdy branches there.
They have their place, and lend
A warm and friendly radiance
As to life's tasks we bend.

How quickly things can tarnish
Or crush to nothingness
When called to face reality
In all life's storm and stress...
A good job made of living,
A house built strong and true
Will bring more lasting happiness
And save the "favors" too!

9

Someone to love; some toil, some rest A friend and—home; these things are best!

HAPPINESS

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040

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HOPE

When Evening enfolds Day with shadow'd wings And Night leans on the bosom of the sky The quiet darkness falls and new strength brings While weary hearts in blessed slumber lie.

But ah, how sweet the first bird's fragile song To those who have watched thru the long, cold night The reassuring harbinger of dawn Brings to the tired soul, hope's tender light.

390 H

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But ah, how sweet the tirst bird's fragile song To those who have watched thru the long, cold night. The reassuring harbinger of dawn. Brings to the fired sout hope's tender light.

CONFIDENCE

Or one that's over-long!

She comes to meet a merry heart

An open hand—a song,

Keep faith with her! have courage

That will not be denied,

And she will leave there at your feet

The things for which you cried!



CONFIDENCE

How Life dislines a dour face
Or one that's over-langi
She comes to meet a meny heart
An open hand—a song
Heen faith with her have courage
That will not be denied.
And she will leave there at your feel
The things for which you cried!

SCULPTURE

A funny little block of stone once stood Around,—it might have been but clay or wood So nondescript its value; no one could Have deemed it fair.

Chisels in careless hands there—passing by, Struck blindly—tell me, can cold marble cry?— Not with malice but indifference—why Did blades cut deep?

Sometimes the touch of gentle hands would bring A rounding curve—tell me, can marble sing?—And all the bitterness of years take wing When beauty calls?

A statue there was hidden all the while! Did chance give it the charms that so beguile, For on its face is carved the strangest smile— I wonder why?...

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I wonder why?...

FORGIVENESS

"Father, forgive them ...
They know not what they do!"
If He could say that on the cross
So, surely, then can I—and you
Who have, perhaps, been scratched by nails
Or even felt a sword's sharp point ...
Ah, find the way within yourself
And feel His gentle hand annoint
Your soul with this sure comfort there
Beside a sweet, refreshing spring.
Forgiveness to a faithful heart
Nobility and peace will bring.



FORGIVENESS

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They know not what they def'

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So, surely, then can I—and you

Who have, perhaps, keen sandehed by action

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Fougiveness to a faithful heart

I orgiveness to a faithful heart

If orgiveness to a faithful heart

STEAM ROOM SOLILOQUY

"You weigh a hundred-twenty-four?

Now me—I must be eighty more,
And that's what I don't understand—
My! the shower sure is grand . . .

I don't eat much; my husband, he
Is fussy tho'; you ought to see
The steak and mushroom dish I fix,
And what a cocktail HE can mix!

"He's grand; he brings the limousine
To take me home—I'm so all in—
'Now Baby, don't exert yourself,
The can of ham there on the shelf'—
He likes the sauce I make with wine
And plenty sugar—cloves—it's fine
With salad; say, do you like crab?
Or lobster? I put just a dab
Of celery—the girls all say
My food is good when bridge we play.

"These days there is so much to do;
Today we lunched 'til half past two.
You're going out? Well, I'll relax
Awhile myself; this is a tax
On one's poor nerves, this awful heat—
But all these diets it can beat;
The less I eat, the more I weigh
God! the steam is hot today!"

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The less I out, the more I weigh
God! the steam is but today!"

PROMISE

"They that sow in tears shall reap in singing"

Immortal promise! and I lift my eyes

As I hear the night with cadence ringing:

Seems to fling across the wind-swept skies,

The glory that shall fill my heart some day...

Swift vision! yet it left me glad and strong;

No night can keep that wondrous dawn away—

When they that sow in tears shall reap in song!



PROMISE

"They list sow in lears shall reap in singing"
immortal promised and I lift my eyes
As I hear the night with cadence ringing
Seems to fling across the wind-swept sides.
The plary that shall fill my heart some day.
Swift visions yet it left me glad and strong.
No night can keep that wondrous dawn away.
When they that sow in tears shall reap in song!

SAVIOR NEVER LEAVE ME

Blessed Savior, never leave mel Sad my heart is that I grieved Thee Back there where the road was wrong, All the dreary nights, so long.

Fingers that were numb with groping And a heart almost past hoping, Lonely in a desert land It was there I found your hand.

Blessed peace came o'er me stealing Thy dear Presence brought me healing, Calmed the storm within my breast— Filled my soul with childlike rest.

And my joyous heart is singing Humbly to Thee service bringing Grateful now for lessons learned, And for peace that may be earned.

I long now to do Thy will Swift the days and happy, still Sad my heart is that I grieved Thee, Blessed Savior, never leave me!



SAVIOR NEVER LEAVE BUILD

Nessed Service, never leave not for a feet or the feet of grieves the feet of grieves the feet of the

Fances that were much with proping
And a heart almost post buping.
Lonety in a desert land
It was these I found your hand.

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> And my joyous hourt is singling Humbly to Then cervice bringing Grandell now for lowers hornest. And see passer that may be expected.

I long sew to de fibr vill Svid die doys and bappy: 201 20d my beart is that I grissed thes Siessal Sevier gever lades aus

SPRING SONG

No longer do I point or lead the way
And only self and wilful thoughts hold sway—
Demand my hurried heart's impatient choice,
I've learned to wait and listen for Thy voice!
Remembering the strife, the futile plans
Until I laid the way in Thy sure hands
Remembering each step, then hard to see
My heart is stilled in deep humility.

Bloom laden trees, so lately stark and cold,
Today with bee and bird may share their gold;
The gold of honey and the gold of sun,
Songs on the perfumed air of April flung
From tiny throats, shame penury and doubt
And from our thoughts cast all complaining out:
Help me as faithfully to do my part—
Keep me forever close to Thy Great Heart!



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APRIL DAWN

What do I care if gray are the skies—

I find their blue in your love-beamed eyes!

The window is brushed by a rose you say?

That blush on your cheek in the new-born day

Left there by the deep slumber'd hours of night,

Is far more entrancing to my sight.

When fall pale curtains of silver rain

The sunshine of your hair will remain

To brighten the day—on your lips a song,

Let April weep, the whole night long!

No outside storms can make earth drear

When love's flame in the heart burns brightly dear!

MWAGIERS A

What do I care if gray are the sizes -

The window is brushed by a rose you say?

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The sunshine of your hair will remain
To brighten the day—on your lips a senuLet April weep, the whole night long!

No outside storms can make can't dient.
When love's flame in the hourt burns brightly dead.

SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY

A blue lake dreaming
Among sun-tanned hills;
Bright leaves of poplar trees
Drift silently down
Upon the quiet surface
Of the water,
And rest there
Like tired butterflies!

Limpid tones from a silver flute Fall upon the end-of-summer air Losing themselves, As do our cares, In the vast blueness Of the sky!

And thru the warm night
The lake washed the shore,
Making a sound
That was like soft laughter
Of a woman
In her lover's arms!

SEPTEMBER ROLLDAY

A blue lake dreaming
Among sun-lanned hills:
Bright leaves of poplar areas
Drift silently down
Upon the quiet surface
Of the water,
And rest there
Like thed butterflies!

Limpid tones from a silver flute
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Loung themselves.
As do our cares,
In the vest blueness
Of the skyl

And thru the worm night
The icke washed the shore,
Making a sound
That was like soft laughter
Of a women
In her lover's arms!

AUTUMN HAZE

There was no inspiration in the day,

The muse forsaken me, it seemed, to stay

Until some caprice called her back again,

And Autumn sang at last her sad refrain.

In spite of brilliant garb and burnished air,

The harvest's wealth that made the land so fair,

The earth was still, for Winter seemed too long—

Fit symbol of a heart bereft of song.

And then across my weary vision blew

A swirling wreath of smoke, in volume grew;

Its fragrance filled with so much poignancy

Awakened half forgotten joy in me.

Dead leaves were burning on the ground below;

What then to fear in whiteness of the snow

Since after that would come the vibrant Spring?

Burn your dead leaves, discouraged heart, and sing!

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Since rifer that would come the vibrant Spring?

REBUKE

I paused in the still September day

To salute a comrade along the way;

"A comrade in arms" I almost said

And smiled at such nonsense, for instead

The battle waged was a silent one;

No sign of sword, or sound of gun—

A fragrant violet quite alone

Was growing there in a path of stone.

Flung down, no doubt, by some vagrant breeze
In shade of the mighty redwood trees.
What hours of dread did it bravely meet
When men passed by on hurrying feet?
With courage bred in the wintry gloom
And valiant heart it had dared to bloom!
Alone in the barren soil it grew
And by my side there is always—you!

REBUEE

I paused in the still September day
To salute a contrade along the way:
A contrade in arms' I almost send
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And valiant heart it had dated to bloom!

Alone in the barren soil it grew
And by my side there is always—you!

MOTHER

My gracious, gentle mother I wonder if she knew How much was taken from us When she departed, too? When bitter disappointments Would come all thru the years She had the gift of laughter That banished all our tears. "What does it matter, child?" she'd say, "The best is yet to come." Her voice, all lilting cadences, Her face a saintly poem . . . One marveled that a heart so gav Could also be so wise-And violets of Kerry Were blooming in her eyes.

Obvious magnificence Rarely moved her much; Did it seem affected? I only know the touch Of Spring in that first twilight That watches Winter pass, Or sprinkling of daisies There in the dewy grass, Could fill her with soft rapture, Some secret inner spring Would vibrate as to music And oh, how she could sing! Some source of strength she surely reached Spirit lost in song, When rich tones of her lovely voice Winged up thru every room;

HERTOM

My gracions, gonde mother
I wender it sits innew
How much was taken both us
When she depended, too?
When she discopparations
Would come oil that the pean
She had the gift of laughter
That bankeed oil our team.
"The best is get to come."
The best is get to come.
Her idea a saintly pean.
Could also be as ween.
Could also be as ween.
And violets of fishry
Were blooming to best as gay
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Or sprinkling of daisies
There in the dawy gross.
Oradd till her with solt replace.
Some segret inner spring.
Would vibrate as to music
Some segret inner spring.
Some segret in the could sing!
When rich tones at her lovely reaches.
When rich tones at her lovely voice.

Intent upon some simple task Unconscious of its charms Or crooning quaint lullabies, A child rocked in her arms. When pain's grim hand descended Or problems were in sight Her dauntless courage towered, And made the load seem light. Then, with her children singing-All six in lusty parts On firelit Christmas mornings . . . Dear memory in our hearts! My gracious, gentle mother, I wonder if you know How much you left here with us? But, oh, I miss you so!



Intent upon some simple task
Unconscious of its channs
Or erconing quaint luilables.
A child recked in her arms
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All six in lusty parts
On firett Christmas mornings.
Dear memory in our hearts!
I wonder if you know
How much you loft here with us?
Sut, oh, I miss you sol

TRIBUTE

A freckled, snub-nosed youngster came To me one day and said: "I've just been thinking, sitting there, Thinking about my Dad;

Not as my father, but—you know—As people—man to man!"
And then the earnest eyes looked out Across the freckles' tan—Came back to look deep into mine.
I felt a moment's awe—Yesterday's boy was growing up,
And so much there I saw!

"Well, next to, maybe, Lincoln, he's The greatest man I know." My foolish throat was tight with pride, You see,—he's MY Dad, too!

BTUEIRT

A freelest anth-nosed youngeter come.
To me one day and said:
"I've just been thinking there.
Thinking about my Dud:

Not as my fathen but—you know—
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Across the freckles' tan—
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The greatest man i know.

My foelish throat was tight with prides
You see,—he's MY Dad, nos

HERITAGE

"Courage et espérance"—the words Fell steadily upon my ears How strong the spirit that has known The bitter baptism of tears.

For out of grief, compassion grows; When to the heart Spring comes again It brings new wisdom, deeper love: This is the priceless gift of pain.

When swings the pendulum of life
And once again the bow'd can sing,
What greater heritage can be
Than that which Hope and Courage bring?

Be not deceived by quiet mien,
The heart serene thru storm and stress
Bears scars most deep—the greatest strength,
Is that full grown to gentleness.

HERITAGE

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The beast sorone thru storm and stress
Seam scare ment deep-the greatest strength.
Licht full grown to gentleness.

MY WISH

I'd like to stand on tiptoe
And hush the clock of time,
That marks the golden hours
In this small world of mine.
Outside the chaos deepens
Ah, could I stem the tide
Of bitterness, and share the peace
That you bring to my side!

We, too, have known the struggle—Been forced to prove and stand:
My heart cried out in gladness
As we worked hand in hand.
To finish, thus, life's journey
Dear God, this all I ask—
And my heart shall not falter
At any given task!

My song—my self; so little
These are to give to Thee
For all the priceless treasure
That Thou hast given mel
And I would stand on tiptoe
To hush the clock of time,
That marks the golden hours
In this small world of minel

Halw YM

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My cong—my salt so little
Those que to give to Thee
For all the priveless treasure
That Thee hest given mel
And I would stand on tiples
To bush the clock of time.
That made the golden hours
In this and world of mass

STRATEGY

What did you say, my darling, When you spoke to me, just then?

"I said that today I love you more Than yesterday or the day before."

I know—I heard you the first time— Just wanted to hear it again!



STRATEGY

What did you say, my darling. When you spoke to me, just then?

"I said that today I love you more Than yesterday or the day below."

I know—I beard you the first time— Just wanted to hear it again!

COMPENSATION

Why is it that with love comes also pain?

And in the breast where happiness has lain

Dwell overtones like minor strains in song,

Have we distrusted Fate and Life too long?

In opulence a certain discontent—

A fleeting shadow tempers merriment!

The granite hills above the verdant plain,

In summer heat the blessed peace of rain.

Do all things seek a balance, then, at length?

The strength in weakness, and in weakness, strength—

Is this the lesson taught by star and sod?

"Trust on, dear heart, and leave the rest to God"!

COMPENSATION

Why is in that which there course was penned for in the incent where not prime is a some there we districted fate and the teathers we districted fate and the teathers.

In equipment a certain discontent.

A flashing shadow tempers manufacted for grants hills ubove the verdent plain.

In summer had the blessed pount of teath.

The energy week a belonce that we larger.

The energy is wedness and in westman straight in the the locion tangent by star and so weathers.

Thus on dear hand to be sent and in westman straight in the locion tangent by star and so westman straight.

MINX

Why did you in a dream return last night
When you had safely gone so long ago?
I was surprised to see you standing there
To find that you could still disturb me so!

MINX

Why did you in a dream return last night.
When you had safely gone so long ago?
I was surprised to see you standing there.
To find that you could still disturb me so!

ACCUSATION

"You don't know WHAT you want," said he:
"Last year it was a yacht and then
The sables and the Pekinese—
And now, it's something else again."

He moved—impatient to be gone,
Between his lips a cold cigar—
Glanced at his watch—"Well, 'bye my dear,"
And off he dashes in his car.

Her smile was not a merry one "Know what I want? Oh, yes I do! You give me many substitutes But all I really want is you!"

ACCUSATION

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TREASURE

"Why did you then awaken me from sleep—
That was a thoughtless, foolish thing to do,
When I was purchasing—had reached to take—
The di'mond, emerald cut and river blue,
That I have wished to give you all these years;
You might have worn it now upon your hand!"
My drowsy shred of laughter broke in two—
If only I could make him understand!

When women wear love's peerless shining crown, Wrapt in the splendor of its single light, They feel more proud—more regally adorned Than wearing gems that would a queen delight. I still adore some glitter on my arms The sheen of glowing pearls about my hair . . . But not for rajah's hoard would I exchange The treasure that within my heart I bear!



THEASURE

"Why did you then awaken me from sleepThat was a thoughtless, toolish thing to do.
When I was purchasing—had rouched to take.
The di moad, enterald out and river blue.
That I have wished to give you all these years:
You might have worn it now upon your hand!"
My drowsy shred of laughter broke in twoif only I could make him understand!

When women wear love's peerless shining crown, Wraps in the splender of its single light. They feel more proud—more regally adomed Than wearing gents that would a queen delight. I still adore some glitter on my arms The sheen of glowing pearls about my hair. But not for rajah's board would I exchange The treasure that within my heart I bear!

REMEMBRANCE

Do vou remember When a little child And wakened from some troubled dream In stillest, darkest hour of the night Startled and afraid. Your childish hand reached out Touched some familiar thing-Perhaps one that had shared Your hours of play: And with a sigh of deep content, Your sleep flushed cheek Was laid again upon the warm pillow The memory of those play-time hours Mayhap the tho't of sunny days to come Made sweet your sleep Altho the night Were no more bright Than it had been before.

Time, perchance, has brought maturity
But in the midnight moments of our lives
We reach out still
To touch some solid, long loved thing.
It may be but a memory
Of some golden yesterday
That gives to our tomorrows
Fresh courage, hope and cheer
As we clasp it for a moment to our hearts
So dear it is—so dear!

BEMEMBERNER

Do you semember
When a little child
And wateried here some keepled deven
he stillest derivet hour of the right
Storded and altate
Touried and altate
Touried from hard bare
Touried from hard shored
Touried with a sigh of deep centent
for sive placed check
for sive flushed check
The memory of these play-and putch
Made agest the the't of sunay degree come
Made agest year sleep
Made agest year sleep
Made agest year sleep
Were so more bright
Them is lead bean helper

There perchapes, has brought mainting for its lives to the midnight memoris of our lives We rought out till We rough out till it to be to be the sold to be to be to be to be to be to be to the top out tomorrows. The tild chart to our tomorrows first conteges hope and chast for a moment to our nowners. As we close it for a moment to our nowners. So over it is—so death.

PARADOXES

I know a splendid fellow,
Successful—brilliant, too!
It's hard to reconcile with this
The things that he will do:
He frowns with deep suspicion
When honest plans are tried—
But gullible? 'most any crook
Can take him for a ride!

I'm sure you've met this woman,
A fickle lass is she.
She always wants the other man
Until she gets him—see?
She tramps beneath her restless feet
All who are in her way.
I wonder if she really thinks
It's THEY who pay, and pay?

And You—of hostile tone and look!
Look out! or you'll go in a book.
Would THAT be something? Oh, ho-ho!
Sheer pity for you tho', says: "No."
Only a heart that was very sore
Would seek to hurt another more.

And then there is another one,
The worst of all to think upon:
Her brain is like a phonograph
Recording years' old epitaph,
But ask her for the key or book
That lately in her hands she took,
And you will see an odd tho't-tank—
The whole thing is a perfect blank!

But don't you think, my Very Dear, That I've improved a bit this year?

BENDORRAS

I know a spiradid tellow.
Successful -brilbank teol
Successful -brilbank teol
Its here to recessed with skin
The bines that he will do:
He brown rath deep augitum
Vince tellow that the way and
Sor quitible? man any and

I'm sugs you've not to't weened.
A helde hou is she.
Blue gissupe samps the eller mon
that gissupe began him—see!
She brings began him—see!
All wine are in her welless to
I wonder it she really totally
It's links, who pop, and pays?
It's links, who pop, and pays?

nego redictor il ordin aggi fin il nego aggi fin il ci dio to terove anti aggi proper aggi

But don't you blank my Very Pent.

SEVENTY-TWO AND TWO

Both asleep in the same deep chair "Seventy-two" with silver hair And "Two" with head like purest gold Nestled there on a shoulder, old Perhaps as we may measure years But young in courage, no sad tears! "Seventy-two" whose heart is light In spite of a long and tedious fight.

Tell him your secret, Grandpa dear!
Could you give him a rule for fear?
Or touch with magic his long road
At its beginning? That abode
Where you have found along the way
A valiant song for every day
That keeps you calm amid the strife
Ah! help him to make friends with Life!



SEVENTY-TWO SUD TWO

Both dainep in the same deep chale
"Seventy two" with silver bair
And Two with head like purest gold
Nestled there on a shoulder, old
Perisaps as we may measure your
But young in counage, no and tents
"Seventy-two" whose heart is light
in apile of a long and tedious light
in apile of a long and tedious light

Tell him your secret Grandpa dead Could you give him a rule for loan? Or nouch with maget his long rend At its keginning? That abods. Where you have laund along the way A valiant song for every day. That heeps you cann amid the state. At help him to make insure with little.

OLD WINE ...

When we sat down to dinner
Last night we wished that you
Were sitting here beside us,
And yet I feel you knew
That when we filled our glasses
With that rare golden wine,
'Twas friendship we were tasting
This bond of "yours" and "mine."

Not many words were spoken,
But in each other's eyes
We paid you silent tribute,
Drank to unbroken ties...
So much the years have taught us,
Came test and change, and we
Drank of life's cup too deeply
To drink THIS carelessly!

Too many things have happened The world is all askew,
And dynasties have tottered
Since this old wine was new;
But love and faith grow dearer,
And friendships more alive!
That was a magic gift you sent:
Vintage of twenty-five!

OLD WINE ...

When we sat down to dinner hast night we wished that you Were sitting here beside us. And yet I tool you know With that when we filled our glosses. That bendeling we were tooling This bend of "yours" and 'mine.

Not many words were spoken.
But in each other's eyes.
We paid you stant inbute.
Drank to unbroken ties...
So much the years have taught us.
Came test and change, and we
Drank of life's cup too deeply.
To drink Tills carelessly!

Too many things have happened.
The world is all asicay.
And dynastics have lottered.
Since this old wine was news.
But love and faith grow doctor.
And triandships more alive!
That was a magic gift you sent.
Vintage of twenty-live!

SPRING FLOWERS

I found your box of flowers at my door And knew they were from you even before I raised the lid and saw the loveliness That touched me like a summer wind's caress! A single golden rose, and hyacinths As delicate as dawn, their fern-spray'd tints; Then lilies-of-the-valley, pale green leaves A secret wish that only Nature weaves! White bells of fragrance, this their only song As silent as the things I know you long To say: but I don't mind this gesture—much! That Irish elegance—a subtle touch Of humor! Let it go at that my dear, This has been such a friendly, happy year! How did you know white violets would bring The final touch that to my heart is Spring?

Connected at Sen Recognition

SPIRING PLONGES

I found your box of flowers of my door

And busy they was from you own below

I raised the lid and now the locality as

That locality as like a supremer wind a cancel

A stagle golden rose, and nyaciniha

As delicate an dawn, that it mappey a tenta

Then tilles of the calley, pale around learned

Whise belts of heart only blatter many song

As silest as the tilings I intow you long

To say; but I don't mind this gestime—much

To say; but I don't mind this gestime—much

That has been such a truck of the den.

This has been such a truck of the server.

The has been such a truck of server.

CONSTANCY

Your eyes—deep wells of blueness Reflect the steady flame That is your gentle spirit, Is Constancy your name? For always it burns brightly: The candle that is you! No harsh wind sways to dimness This light so ever true.



CONSTANCY

Your eyes—deep wells of blueness
fielded the stendy flome
That is your gentle spirit.
Is Constantly your name?
For always it burns brightly:
The cundle that is you!
No hereit wind aways to dimness
This light so ever true.

MOONLIGHT SONATA (Beethoven)

True splendor and simplicity
You blend, great maestro, in this mood;
You reach beyond earth's measured rim
And touch God's own infinitude!

The surge of triumph marches on— There comes a cry that is a prayer, Your genius could not save you from The crashing cadence of despair!

Then, gentle as the warm south wind, As quietly as summer rain The music falls, and peace is born In every listening heart again.

Master of song, and symphony Whose music speaks to every land, No need of words, your message is In language all can understand.

Beat on—beat on—majestic theme—Relentless as the pulse of life!
Help us to hear the melody
That rings above unrest and strife.



MOONSIGHT EONATA (Bestroven)

I'ms splender and simplicity
You bland, great massire, in this moods
You reach beyond earth's measured rim
Find fouch God's own infinitudes

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No need of words, your message is
In language oll can understand,

Sent on—best on—majosic themoheientless as the pulse of tite! Help as to hear the melody That rings above narcet and state.

INSPIRATION

Today I had a strange experience—
And yet I feel it is a common one:
I felt a song so very beautiful
It left me stricken—I was blind and dumb,
And strained my inner ear to catch some word...
One arm was mutely flung across my face
Lest some fragment of breath might shatter there
The precious fabric in that holy place!

Still as the pools that in the forest wait
To catch reflection of a star—too late
To hold the magic of its radiant light
Within some dim and lonely depth at night,
Trembling, from one blanched cheek I brushed a tear.
A gentle whisper then I seemed to hear:
"To hear a song, see beauty, this is well;
To feel it, leaves a mark indelible."

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A gontle whisper then I seemed to near
To hoar a song, see beauty, this is well
To boot it loaves a mark indelible."

PORTRAIT PAINTER

The artist takes brushes and palette
He has not remember'd to say
That you may neglect to powder your nose
But should lock up your soul that day!
From sweep of the brushes on canvas
Those fathomless eyes he swings
And marches thru each secret chamber—
This man who has walked with kings!

Beneath every contour and shadow
He traces the tale of the years.
One sits in the high light of genius—
Dear God! is he counting my tears?
The clear flame you bring to your ease!
To this you've been faithful—no gain
Or loss, and no triumph has dim'd it;
We salute you for that—Douglas Crane!

PORTRAIT PAINTER

The actist takes brushes and politic has not remember'd to say

That you may neglect to powder your nose

Ent should look up your soul that day!

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And marches thru ench secret chamber—

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We solute you for that—Douglas Crane!

ARTIST'S MODEL

You really should be quite nice to me, dear
It seems I've an interesting line
From chin to ear, and here to—here!
Imagine! They think it is fine.

My hair must be handled with gloves of kid—Well, that's what the great artist said—NOT rumpled! I could have laughed aloud,
But sat looking dumb instead.

Now darling, don't you—I mean, AGREE
That you should really be sweet to me?

ARTIST'S MODEL

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It seems I've an interesting line
From chin to ear, and here to—herel
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Now derling, don't you-I moun ACKEE
That you should really be sweet to sai?

MODEL'S PROTEST

Yes, I can feel them rip and tear-The veils I usually wear About my soul. When you intrude One certainly is in the nude! Of no avail, plans to defy The glances from your mystic eye; I even wore an ermine cape A sort of armor meant to drape Some nonchalance, some steel as well About my inner self; but hell! It might as well be gossamer. No elegance in Arctic fur Serves to distract that probing orb: Brushes bewitched and trained absorb Your every thought, and place it there Upon the canvas, in the glare Of every sun. DO leave with me Just one small idiosyncrasy!

MODEL'S PROTEST

ant one small idiosymerough

CHINATOWN

There is a fascination About Old Chingtown That is beyond description— But if you're walking down Grant Avenue at twilight, A stray wind blowing free Brings pungent whiff of incense And salt tang of the sea. You'll see alluring windows The sheen of rich brocade In robes a queen might envy-Fine ornaments of jade And lapis, and of amethyst, Pearls in a gleaming ridge Iv'ry elephants en marche Across a teakwood bridge.

A massive golden archway Adorned some temple door; Beside embroidered haori. With sleeves that reach the floor. There are rare bowls and vases In exquisite Cloisonne Bright slippers and kimonos-Things that are simply gay And have no other value Except the cheer they fling Abroad in gallant gesture— Their gorgeous coloring. And then turquoise and coral A dainty carved old fan Made with knowledge that was old Before our world began!

CHINATOWN

There is a inscination

That is beyond description—
But it you're walking down
Grant Avenue or twilight.

A surey wind blowing free
Rings pungent whilf of incense
And soft tong of the sea.

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I've elephants on marchy
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Adomed some temple door
Beside embreidered haem
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in exquisite Cloisonne
Angel slippers and himones—
Things that are simply cay
And have no other value
Except the cheer they fling
Abroad in gallant gesture—
Abroad in gallant gesture—
And then tuxquoise and corat
A dulnty carred old ton
A dulnty carred old ton
Belore our world began!

There hangs a silken lantern Like a pale, glowing moon. You may hear a bamboo lute Play a weird, wistful tune; A mound of candied ginger On a Ming plate, among Some old herbs and spices Strange to a Western tongue. Then crates of ducks and chickens, Fruit, vegetables—fish: Chestnuts, comquats, beansprouts; An Oriental dish A visitor might fancy— Your choice will likely be Good chow mein or chop suey And fragrant, jasmine tea!

Ougint baskets and rice wine jars Along the sidewalks lie-Above the narrow street hangs A Maxfield Parrish sky: Which lends its own enchantment Makes fast the ancient spell, And then you hear the tinkle Of a swinging, wishing bell. Along the dim-lit payement Come softly shuffling feet; Our solemn, brown-eyed neighbors Stroll up and down the street, And laughing little children, Some look like China dolls, Play shyly in the doorways Until the darkness falls.

There hongs a sitten lontern
Like a pole, glowing moon.
You may hear a bomboo tale
Play a went, wished tane:
A mound of candied grayer
On a Mine plate, among
Some old herbs and spiase
Stange to a Vestem tongue.
Then amine of ducks and abichens.
That, vegetables—first
Chestants, comquets, beausproutes
A visitor might fancy—
A visitor might fancy—
A visitor might fancy—
And fragrant jasmin or chop surry
And fragrant jasmine teal

Quoint bestets and rice wice jans
Along the sidewalks heAlone the narrow street hangs
A Maxicid Parrish sky:
Which leads its own enchantment
Which leads its own enchantment
Mokes fast the ancient spell;
And then you neer the timile
Ou exicating, wishing bell.
Along the dim-lit passagest
Come solute dim-lit passagest
Our solutes, brown-eyed neighbors
Street up and down the areat
Street up and down the areat
Link shyly in the China della.
Floy shyly in the doorways
Until the darkness talls.

You hear the moan of whistles
From steamships on the Bay—
The chimes from old St. Peter's
Not many blocks away.
Returning to Geary street
Past shops of great renown,
A mystic shadow trails you—
The spell of Chinatown!

You hear the moon of whisten From steernships on the Bey-The chimes hom old St. Peters Not namy blocks away. Retermine to Geory suest Peters has a great renown. A mysic shadow trails you—The agest of Chinonown!

REDWOOD TREES

Oh, who am I to stand like this before Your silent greatness and serenity
To try to say with words the magic lore
That you without them tell so faithfully?
Before the changing panorama here,
Unmoved, impregnable you steadfast stand
And yet within your kindly arms each year
You hold the imprint of this golden land.

No other soil was worthy of your strength
And beauty, to this stalwart West alone
You gave the soul of you, to grow at length
And stand, forever, California's own!
To walk along some dim cathedral trail
And lay a cheek against your sun-warmed side
Gives courage to the hearts who dare not fail
The ageless thoughts that in your roots abide!

Within your branches by this laughing stream
You hold the echo of the Indian's cry
Deep in your heart you guard a sacred dream:
The clear rays of the star in Bethlehem's sky!
Full grown, e'en when the holy Christ was born—
The promise of a greatness still to be,
In patient solitude, you yet were torn
And strengthened, too, by storms of Destiny!

0

Oh, mighty redwoods! when your boughs wave free Beyond the cabin windows where I rest Beside a friendly fire—the soul of me Sings yet another tribute to our West!



REDWOOD TREES

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Your allest groutness and serenity
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-

Ob. mighty redwoods! when your boughs wave tree Beyond the cubin windows where I rest Beside a friendly lire—the soul of me Sings yet another about to our West!

MUSIC VERSUS MUSE

You were my first love, my dear,
And I shed a tardy tear
When I think of how I threw
You aside—for nothing, too:
Just a wayward, silly whim—
All things young have to begin
Trying wings, first here, then there,
Life is calling everywhere!
But I think I always knew
That I should return to you
And tho you're a trifle dusty
And more than a little rusty—
I'm glad to have you back again;
YOU were faithful—dear old pen!

MUSIC VERSUS MUSIC

You were my first lovel my deals
And I shed a termy test
When I think of how I threw
I or exide—in nothing, ton
Just a wayward, allly whim—
All things young have to nech
I'ving vings first hore, then those,
Life is calling everywhere
But I think I alread return to you
And they you're a taile dusty
And those if an a taile dusty
And those if an a taile dusty
I'ving you're a taile dusty
And those if an a little tusty—
I'ving the have you beel be one
I'ving were lainful—done old pent
I'vit were lainful—done old pent

BANSHEE

Have I ever told you, darlin', of my wee banshee? Sure, I couldn't do without him now at all, for he At times of indecision unexpectedly Appears and wags his little scarlet cap at mel

And if I disobey him, then an angry frown
Puckers up his tiny face so tawny brown
The gallant little gossoon dances up and down
His wee green boots atrippin'—those that won renown

Upon the hills of Erin—and the bog lands, too.
Ochonel I've heard him wailin' when the peat smoke blew
Above the golden thatch—or in the meadow's dew
When the harvest moon was smilin', yet his cry rang true.

No matter where I go he follows faithfully And when I DO obey him, how he grins at me His tangled hair shakes wildly to express his glee, Oh, I know now he's the wiser one—that wee banshee!



BAWSHEE

Have I ever told you durin', of my wee bunshee? Sure, I couldn't do without him now at all, for he At times of indecision anexpectedly Appears and ways his little ecolet cap at mel

And if I disobey him, then on origin frown
Pockers up his full face so fowny blown
The golfon little gossoon donces up and down
His was green books anippht—those fact won conown

Upon the fills of fain—and the hog lands, too.

Ochonel I've heard him waitin' when the peat anoles blew.

Above the golden thatch—or in the meadow's dew.

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No moster where I go he follows foilithing
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His rangled bais shakes wildly to express his glee.
Oh I know now he's the waser one—that wee hemshool

MY DOG ...

You asked so little, gave so much
How often have I felt the touch
Of your cool nose against my cheek
When life seemed complicated—bleak!
Your shoulder pressed so close to mine,
Said: "Steady there!"—you did not whine.

So often, too, would I surprise
A look so human in your eyes—
Feel startled and yet touched to see
Your deep concern and love for me.
And once when words could not explain
A long impasse—where all the gain
Seemed piled up on the easy way
I could not take; you tried to say
That you well understood the code
That left no choice about the road.

In what strange way did you impart
The courage in your valiant heart?
We romped in sun—were still in rain—
Fought for your mortal life in vain...
Tho years have passed, I shan't forget,
And feel you somewhere—living yet!

MY DOC.

You exist as little, sows to mach
How older ages I left the touch
Of your east ness updieded blocks
When his seemed complicated blocks
Your aboulder present on citem to mine.
Sude "Sleady there!"—you did not white

So often, too, would be consider
A look to branch in your offer
Your deep concern and leve for me
And once when wends could not soniam
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That lest no choice obout the code
That lest no choice obout the code

In what strongs way did you import
The courage in your equant bears?
We compered in sun—were still in rain—
Fought lot your gioted life in your
The years have passed I show height
And feel you somewhere strong year.

REBELLION

Too many alien kisses on your mouth Have left their careless and ironic mark In shreds of disillusionment!—enough To nullify and quench a vital spark.

Why should I give you then my living lips?
With all my singing heart for ecstacy
Upon them—bearing dreams you could not share
That shall one day wing to reality!



REBELLION

Tou many alien ideaes on your mouth.
Have lest their concluse and ironic mark in shads of disclusionment!—enough To nullify and quench a vital spario.

Why should I give you then my living tips?
With all my singing heart for ectory
Upon them—bearing dreams you could not share.
That shall one day wing to reality!

TRUE STORY

I have a charming little friend,
Her name?—her name is Rose!
Along about two—three a. m.
She wakens to compose
There at her mellow'd Steinway,
Songs exquisite as lace,
Pianissimo, of course—
'Til peace dwells in her face.

One night in a smart hotel,
A song called thru her dreams
The theme unrolled and brightened
A masterpiece—it seems.
At last she heard another voice—
A violin—divine!
It follow'd like a shadow,
And gone were space and time!

Nothing remained but music;
The violin next door
Bewitched her with its beauty.
She played,—never before
Had music been such torment
And yet such solace, too.
At last it ebbed, the silence
Was charged with grandeur new.

Next morning in the foyer
Some hours after nine:
"May I ask who has the suite
That is right next to mine?"
"That's strange," the clerk was smiling,
"His question was the same,
Before he left for Boston—
Fritz Kreisler was his name!"

TRUE STORY

I have a character little friend.
Her name?—but name is flore!
Along obout twee-three a.m.
The wellons to compess.
There at her meltow'd Sheinway.
Songs exquisite on looe.
Florinshme, al course.
In proce dwells in not face.

One night in a smart hotel

A song called that her areans

The lineme antalled and inchesand

A masterpage—it seams

At lost the board another voice—

A violar-chyinel

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Next mercing in the lover
Some hours offer nine:
"May I ask who has the miles
That is right next to mine?"
"Thei's stronge." the clerk was realingwestlen was the came.
"His questlen was the came.
"Fits Recise was the came.

RESOLUTION

You have thought you'd like to diet?
Well, take my advice: don't try it
Unless you can scram—you'll find
Soon as you make up your mind,
All the friends you ever knew
Start right in, inviting you
Out to dinner, lunch or tea—
And it always puzzles me
How the scales can climb so far
With that snack of caviar!

Well, there WERE some things I tasted— Seemed a shame to have them wasted; Yes, I'll find a hide-away And count calories—some day!

RESOLUTION

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Beamed a shorte to have their wartest
You I'll find a side-away
And count calories—come days

TO MAC ...

You said: "Now do a sketch of me." I scarcely know where to begin Because just thinking here of you So many words come tumbling in!

Our genial, jolly, gracious friend Beneath the bright lights likes to roam And yet, that warm and gentle heart Is happiest of all at home.

When things go wrong—they sometimes do In that big game of give and get— Mac crinkles up his long-lashed eyes And calmly lights a cigarette!

And you should see our Mac step out— On Broadway he was one grand sight; In tilted hat and twirling cane And stunning pants of black and white!

He works as hard as he can play His cocktails bear an awful whack; You're lucky if he calls you "friend" Your glasses, boys—I give you MAC! Sounds of San Freedown

ORM OT

You said: Now do a slatch of mal I searcely imos: where to bush Secruse just timing here of you So many weeks come tembuog in

Our contail john er ceres hend for Anada A

to the contract of the contrac

And you should see our lifes step out.
On Broadway he was one grand sight
In tilted hat end twisting once
And stanting upons of black and white

He works as host on he can place
ills cocked a boor on aveal wheels
You're lucky if he cells you "likent"
Your placest, how - I give you TING!

GYPSY LADY

I know a Gypsy Lady
Whose heart is just as gay
As daffodils in Springtime.
But, oh, she has a way
Of sharing all your troubles
When days are dark and long;
She sends away the shadows
And fills your heart with song!

I know she walks in spangles
To tinkling tambourines
And yet, a deeper longing
Is often in her dreams
For quaint old sunlit gardens—
A walk thru Summer rain;
Tea beside a cosy hearth—
The lights of home again!

I love my Gypsy Lady— She's brave and true and wise But you can't see the spangles When England's in her eyes!

GYPSY LADY

I know a Gypsy Ludy
Winese heart is just on gay
As deficials in Springtime
But, oh she has a way
Of shering all your noubles
When days are dark and longs
She sands away the shadows
And file your heart with song!

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To redding tumbournes
And yet a deoper longing
le vilen to her droums
For queste old sunlit gurdens
A welk thru Summer rain
Ton beside a cosy hearth—
The behie of home ogains

I love my Cypsy lady— She's brave and true and wise En you can't see the spangles When England's in her eyes

MYJEAN

My Jean—a dainty flower Caressed by woodland air, Like a deer in supple grace; All tawny leaves, her hair.

Blue eyes that still are searching Her spirit, wild and free, Is yet demure and modest— Charming simplicity!

Flitting from stairs to fireplace Swift movement of a bird— Flashed by in scarlet plumage Tho' no sound could be heard...

Her sudden smile is winsome Youth's unawakened dream Slumbers in her gentle heart Be patient—little Jean!



MYJEAN

My jedne-a dainty flower Carsaced by woodland off, Like a doer in supple grace: All towny leaves, her hair.

Blue eyes that still are sumching fier spirit, wild and free. It yet domure and modest--Charming simplicity?

Flitting from steins to ficeplace Switt movement of a bind— Plashed by in searlet plunage The no sound could be heard...

Her sudden smile is winsome Youth's unawaisened dream Slumbers in her gentle heart Se patient—little lean!

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

A spray of creamy bloom against her gown Of softest black as deep as midnight skies. It drew my glance as beauty ever does, And then I saw the radiance of her eyes.

Courage lay there; understanding, peace
As of a brook that danced into release
And came at last to rest, content to be
A center from which flowed serenity
And strength; the will to be and do.
I thought how much alike they were—they two,
She and the spray she wore with so much grace—
Reflecting there, the sweetness of her facel



PORTRAIT OF A LABY

A spray of creamy bloom against her gown Of solvest black as deep as midnight skies. It drow my glance as beauty ever does. And then I saw the radiance of her eyes.

Courage lay there; understanding, peace
As of a brook that danced into release
And came at last to rest, content to be
A center from which flowed screnity
And arength; the will to be and do.
I thought how much alike they were—they two.
She and the spray she were with so much grace—flowing there, the sweetness of her feeel

TELEPHONE TWADDLE

I have two pet aversions— Some people now have none, But both of mine are talking Long on a telephone.

If conversation goes beyond Three minutes and a half I wish they'd write a letter Or even telegraph!

Important messages are said Then how the seconds drag I say: "Oh, yes?" or maybe "No" When conversations lag.

And did you ever listen
To nothing long drawn out
While waiting for a busy line
To clear? and still they shout.

The shrilling of the 'phone bell Can make my heart to sing But when the words go on and on I loathe the gosh-darn thing!

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The shulling of the 'phone bell Can make my heart to sing But when the words go on and on I loathe the gosh-dam thing!

DANNY "WAGON"

"Danny Wagon—dat's my name!"
Wagner was too much to say
So he answered me this way:
He was two—just yesterday.

Impish eyes smiled up to mine Then were slowly lost in thought; Blue with dreams—a sleepy tot Gazing softly—seeing what?

Then his mood had changed again—Song begun; was still'd instead As he toddled to his bed "Good night, Mummy dear," he said.

Danny Wagon—standing here Looking at you there in sleep Dimpled hand by rosy cheek Life seems suddenly less bleak!

MOSEW. ANNUA

"Donny Wagen—dule my name!"
Wagner was too much to say
So he cassword no this ways
No was two—just yesterday.

ingisk eyes midled on tomigs.
Then were storely lost in thoughts
like with the are a deepy lot.
Cealing softly—spoing what?

Then his most had changed again.
Song begyin was still a instead
As he toddled to his hos.
"Good night Mammy near." he sale

Dampy Wagon—standing here
Loolang of you there in sleep
Dissoled hand by may sheek
Life seems suddonly less biodil

CONSOLATION

Oh, darling child, like fairy calls Your gleeful baby laughter falls Upon my heart, and sends away The bitter cares of yesterday.

Your winsome face, the sunny hair Around my finger curling there Your eyes with mirth or tears that shine I shall remember—baby mine!

And if my path should ever be In places steep, or hard to see Enough to scorn what lies before Your fearless tread across the floor.

Ah, surely life will be to you
As kind as I have prayed it to!
Whene'er its calls come, far or near,
May God be with you, baby dear!

COMSOLATION

Oh, derling child, like feity cells Your glostul berry laughter fells Upon my heart, and sonds away The hittar cares of yesterday.

Your winsome foce, the sunny hoir Around my linger carling there Your eyes with minh or team that chine I shall remember—baby mine!

> And it my path should ever be in places stoop, or hard to see Enough to soom what lies before Your fearless would coose the shoot

An enterly life will be to you An load as I have prayed it tell Wheel or its calls come, in or next. May God be with you body death

VACATION ...

When all about me so much beauty lies Why do I see in every star, your eyes?

When tall pines add their strength to mountain charms Why do I keep remembering your arms?

The Summer moon has drenched the land with bliss Why do I then awaken to your kiss—

To find but trees and sky?—of you, no sign; A lone bird's cry was all that answered mine!

The friends were kind—the place is very gay I heard it called a paradise today—

But I have quite another thought of heaven, My train arrives on Thursday, dear, at seven!

VACATION ...

When all about me so much boauty lies. Why do I see in every star, your eyes?

When tall pines add their strongth to mountain charms.
Why do I keep remembering your arms?

The Summer moon has drenched the land with bies.
Why do I then awaken to your kiss—

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The friends were kind—the place is very gay I heard it called a paradise today—

But I have quite mother thought of heaven. My train unives on Thunday, dear, at seven!

BLIND SINGER

Sitting in the twilight
As day's warm shadows fled,
Ether waves of sound announced
A singer; blind, they said.

And then a voice streamed out of That box of wood and wire; It filled the room with radiance And set my heart on fire!

What beauty do you know of—Rare forms and coloring, Hid from our poor mortal eyes, That helps you thus to sing?

What anguish have you conquered— Frustration's dank distress, That gave your voice such timbre Devoid of bitterness!

The dignity you give to words Meaning in every part; Deep longing—and ecstacy, Its beauty wrung my heart.

Happiness? and ringing pride? And then—grim irony: The beauty in this weary world You tried to make US see!

Ah! surely consolation You find in your great loss, For out of this affliction You made a golden cross

HID WAR ONLIE

Similar in the Section of the Residence Red.

History waves of sound conscioused A compact bland, they sound

What beams and colorings
from our poor provide space.
That home our poor provide space.
That is also you thus to single

What anguish have you draginged in the common distress.
That gave your voice such timbre Davoid of bitterness!

The algarity you give to word Meaning in every purit Deep longing—oud coclucy. Its becary wrung my humb.

Mappingsal our inging pade?

And short—griss irony:

The beque to his wonty world

You then to make US seel

Abl aurely consolution You end in your green loss. For out of this offician You made or golden cross To hold aloft in rapture, Triumphant, as you live Each day in hallow'd brightness That only God can give.

God bless you, fellow-singer!
Long may your silver voice
Portray the beauty in your soul—
Make other hearts rejoice!



To hold aloft in rapture.
Triumphant, os you live
Erch day in hollow'd brightness
That only God can give.

God bless you, lellow-singed Long may your sliver voice Persony the beauty in your soul-Mans other hearts rejoice!

FLYING BIRD

Something deep within me sings

When you go by with whir of wings,

For this one hour you are free

From cage's bars and boundary.

I feel something within me soar

When you flash thru your open door

And fly with softly rolling song—

But you, as well, for home soon long!



FLYING BIRD

Something deep within me sings
When you go by with whir of wises.
For this one hour you are free
From cage's bars and boundary.

I feel something within me soor

When you flush thru your open from

And fly with softly rolling song—

But you, as well, for home soon long!

THE GONG

As silent as the Sphinx—inscrutable
It hangs—the simply fashion'd, massive gong
Until a touch releases mystery
As baffling and deep as is its song.

Some tones like dawn—hushed, spreading dissonance
One is the booming voice of old Big Ben
I laugh—the gong in echo laughing, too,
Responds to every mood—then sleeps again!



THE GONG

As silent as the Sphint—inscretable
it isongs—the simply fashion'd, massive going
Until a touch releases mystery
As battling and deep as is its song.

Some tones like down—hushed, sprending discondent
One is the booming voice of old Bly Ben
I laugh—the year in eche laughing too
Responds to every meed—then sieess agains

DREAM HOUSE

Little dream house, looking down on the lake, Hard to believe one is really awake Reaching the end of the old shaded lane, Seeing soft light from each diamond-shaped pane, Of old casement windows—the wide open door Framing a welcome—sounds greet you before You cross the threshold; soft firelight within November without—and soon we begin To feel the charm of each cheerful room. And in the still lake the harvest moon And tall green rushes, the drooping trees-A night bird flying against the breeze, Low purple clouds with their golden rims Reflected there—Night sings muted hymns . . . Pine trees, eucalyptus—and oak Holding blue haze, hills wreathed in smoke.

The morning star is pale and high Fading there in a primrose sky. Silver dawn steals across the lake Golden pheasants and ducks awake. The sun paints patterns on the wall And morning sounds from the kitchen call; The whiff of coffee and cheerful clatter— Is someone mixing the waffle batter? Bright marigolds in a turquoise bowl Gay chintz at windows puts songs in your soul. The yellow cups on a cloth of blue Little dream house-sure, the heart of you Is built on beauty—with faith is filled; Under your roof all our cares are still'd. While scarlet vines to your windows cling And roses sleep to await the Spring

You shelter hearts held in love's wide beams; O, guard them well, little house of dreams!

EAU DA MARKE

tille desain beres, isoing done at the lake

Head to believe one in maily avoid

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And morning sounds from the west

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to built of beauty—with first is you

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While sentes under our cons as all of

While sentes under to your windows class

And roses sharp to sown the deam

You shaller bounts held in love a wide become of the inter-

LIFE BEGINS

A fairy polished buttercups One early Summer morn; A skylark struggled thru his shell He was there being born.

"Oh, dear," he cried, "What shall I do? My house! It falls apart!" All night long the cry had torn His poor, wee skylark heart!

Crack! Crack! the shell kept breaking Despair filled skylark's breast. "Break thru, your house will fall on you!" (Ah, soft and sheltered nest...)

The fairy wrung her tiny hands And bowed her golden head; She rocked with grief for skylark And all earth's needless dread.

"Dear me," said she, "How sad 'twould be If mortals knew That all this dew Is fairies' tears For them! poor dears, They do not know Our secrets, so Their hearts still ache-And sometimes break . . . We try to tell Them all is well, But they won't heed, Tho long we plead. So all thru the night In pale starlight We sigh and cry 'Oh myl Oh myl'"

LIFE BEGINS

A tony polished buttercope One conly limmer more A stellark reognisa thre his shell He was there polity born.

"Olt, dem." he ened, "What shell I do?
My insued it tells quest"
All adds long the on had teen
His poor, was sighark hourt

Cruciel Crueid the shell kept insulded Despute filled skylendes brown Seese throughout boune will fall an your (Ab. sell and spellered nest . . .)

> The fulry weary her tiny bands. And herved her golden herd. She rocked with grief for shylotte. And will early's needless drend.

> > Them are, seried also.
> > They and 'twould he
> > If moritals lenses
> > That all this daw.
> > Is inniest towns
> > Is inniest towns
> > They do not know.
> > Our secrets so.
> > They he not know.
> > They he not know.
> > They do not know.
> > They he not know.
> > It is hearts and aske.
> > Then all is well.
> > But they wen't keed.
> > The they wen't keed.
> > The they wen't keed.
> > The thin the day.
> > It is all thin the night.
> > Ye algit and say.

And then a crash! The fairy Danced 'round in wildest glee! Poor skylark, spent, bewildered Was dying, so tho't he!

The fairy touched him shyly;
"You think you've reached the end—
But you are just beginning,
My funny little friend!"

"Then why did you not tell me?"
He raised his tiny head;
"You wouldn't have believed me!"
That's what the fairy said.

So often do beginnings Come in on silver wings When we have struggled thru the night And reached the end of things! And then a crostal The fairy Donced 'round in wildest gleet Peer skylark, spent, bowildered Was dying, so the's its!

The fairy toucied him shyips
"You think you've reached the endbut you are just beginning.
My tunny little friend!"

Thou why did you not tell me?"
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"You wouldn't have believed me!"
That's what the total exid.

So often do beginnings
Come in on silver wings
When we have straggled turn the night
And reached the end of things!

DECEMBER

The year is tired—weight of days Seems long, and hours lost in ways That grieve its spirit, nor allays The secret dread.

Waiting now while chill winds blow, Glad to rest, beneath the snow Called to hush the days that go To well earn'd rest.

At the young year's feet you cast Wisdom gained—is danger past? Surely we may hope at last For days more fair?

Rest then, weary burden'd year We have shared your every fear And yet feel the goal is near— The die is cast!

DECEMBER

The year is thed—weight of days Seems long, and hours lost in ways That gueve its soid, not allays The search dread.

Writing now while chill winds blow.
Glad to rest beneath the snow
Colled to hush the days that go
To well own'd rest.

At the young year's lest you cost
Wisdom gained—is dunger past
Surely we may hope or lust
For days more lair?

Rest then, weary butden'd your We have shared your every fear And yet feel the good is name. The die is could

THE HEARTH

Who has not seen the magic Of firelight change a room From just a pleasant shelter To friendliness and home? No house is quite so lovely That it survives the blight Of an idle fireplace On cheerless day or night.

No heart can be so empty
Embittered by false blame,
That does not build new courage
Beside a cheerful flame.
Dreary would this old world be
Without the countless dreams
That soar up sooted chimneys
In clear, untarnished reams!

Love's flame fights a chilly wind?
Things superficial, vain
Are lost in gentle shadows
When hearts are warmed again.
To bridge misunderstanding,
Disclose a true desire,
Not many words are needed
When flames speak in a fire!

They who keep the hearthstones cold Know not what joys they miss— Would forfeit, for a bit of dust, A lover's tender kiss... Rich the man whose childhood holds Memories of silver rain That drenched his dreams while firelight Danced on the window pane.

HIRARN SHI

Who has not seen the magic
Of fivelight change a room
from just a pieceant sissier
To triendimess and house?
No house is quite so lovely
That is quivivos the blight
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When flomes speak in a inel

They who keep the houribatones cold

Xnow not what joys they misse.

Would foriest for a sit of dust.

A lover's tender loss...

Allower's tender loss...

Memories of silver rain

Tant dresched his dreams while trobgist

Denced on the window page.

Some day I'll have a fireplace
Please God! one deep and wide
My heart shall fold its beating wings
And rest there at your side.
And I shall have the curtains—
Not closed against the night—
But wide apart; those passing by
Shall share the warming light.



Some day I'll have a hasplace
Please Godl one deep and wide
My heart shall fold its bealing wings
And rest there at your side.
And I shall have the curtains—
Not closed against the night—
But wide apart those passing by
Shall share the warming light.

SLEEP

Sleep bears a priceless crown laid on the brow
By gentle fingers of the silent night.
Her robes are starlit dreams dropt tenderly
As dawn breaks, and she flees before his light!

And while we rest there in the arms of sleep

The spirit free to wander—who can say

Which is the dream, and which reality?

This we shall know when we awake—some day!

SLEEP

Sleep beens a priceless grown laid on the brow By gentle fingers of the silent night. Her robes are starlit dreams dropt leaderly. As dawn breaks, and she fises before his light!

And while we rest there in the arms of sleep
The spidt free to wonder—who can say
Which is the drawn, and which reality?
This we shall know when we awake—some day!

DAY'S END

When Day becomes a shepherdess and herds
The autumn clouds like sheep across the sky,
Winsome and dark, a singing cloud of birds
Curves swiftly to a maple tree nearby.

They come to rest late in the afternoon—
I've watched them tuck their heads beneath soft wings;
Dearest—my own—shall you be coming soon?
Your haven waits—and mine your dear heart brings.



DAYSEND

When Day becomes a shepherdees and berds.

The autumn clouds like sheep across the sky.

Winsome and dark a singing cloud of birds.

Curves swiftly to a maple free nearby.

They come to rest late in the alternoon—
I've watched them tank their heads beneath solt wings:
Dearest—iny own—shall you be coming soon?
Your haven waits—and mine your dear head brings.

SADDEST SONG

Of all the songs on record In any tongue or clime, The saddest in this world to me Is well-loved "Auld lang syne."

The grand old simple music Is somehow set apart From other songs—so bravely It speaks to every heart.

I often stand in circles Clasped hands so gayly swing "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" The happy crowds still sing.

But now too many faces
Are missing from the scene,
I only hear the music
As one lost in a dream.

Singing with other loved ones, The cup of kindness yet Is held in trembling fingers To those we ne'er forget.



SADDEST SONG

Of all the songs on record in any tongue or clime. The saddest in this world to me is well-layed "Auld lang syno."

The grand old simple music is somehow set apart From other songs—co bravely it speaks to every heart.

I often stand in outles Clasped hands so gayly swing "Should and acquaintance be longer?" The happy erowds atth sing.

> But now too many laces. Are missing from the scene, I only hear the music. As one lost is a dream.

Singing with other loved enes. The cup of kindness yet Is hold in trembling fingers To those we no'er target.

AMERICA

America! Your very name
Is strength; no personal acclaim
Or petty plans your stand betray—
For long your destiny delay.
You gave so much for—oh, so long—
No questions asked; as free as song
You gave with lavishness untold
Both opportunity and gold.

Surely all your children now
Shall rally as in stress you bow,
With steadfast pilgrim's pride we learn
You need our aid and deep concern;
And still your stars and stripes unfurl'd
Are looked upon by all the world.
Are we to blush—be put to shame
By other nations? We who blame—

Them for their lack of loyalty
And prate about their treachery
Dividing a united land?
Yet they have never known a hand
So generous. Proud we should be
To sacrifice to keep you free,
Help build upon the larger plan—
'Tis thus you shall free every man.

Before your great magnificence
Shall flee selfish intolerance
We gladly live to serve you well
Unscathed by revolution's hell!
If we to you one service lent
Then could we count our lives well spent.
You have—and give—enough for all;
America! You shall not fall!

ADINEMA

Americal Your very name
In strength; no personal acclaim
Or polly plans your strend hetroy—
For long your destiny delay,
You gave so much for one on song
You gave with javishmen untold
Beth oppositually and gold.

Smely all your children note
Shall cally on in share you now.
With stendlest pilatin a pakir we foun
You need our oid and deep concerns
And still your store and chippes unful d
And logist upon by all the world.
Are we to blush—be put to share.
Se other neclose? We wan blume—

Them for their lock of levelly
And mate about their tracklery
Dividing a united land?
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Americal You shull not falli

PORTSMOUTH SQUARE

"The East and West shall never meet"
But here on lower Kearny Street,
Where slopes once prideful Portsmouth Square
Both East and West are surely there!
In memory trees seem to hold
As in a filigree the mold
Of other days and old renown
Below the crest of Chinatown.

The tempo here is slow; it seems
Loath to awaken from old dreams.
Within the West's postponed content
And shadow of the Orient
Came Stevenson and Sterling, too,
Jack London's restless spirit knew
The charm that in this old square lay
So close to waterfront and bay.

The sailboat set in shaded shrine Bears yet adventure's glamour'd sign Altho its sails are curved in bronze— Dreams anchor'd now, alone it stands.



CORTSMOUTH SOUARE

The East and West shall never meet

Where slopes once pridetal Pertunation Square

Where slopes once pridetal Pertunation Square

In memory used woom to held

As in a filiging the mold

Of other days and old renown

Selow the crost of Chinalewan

The tempo here is slowed seems.
Look to awaken from old dreams.
While the West's pastponed content.
And sandow of the Orient.
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The charm that in this old square lay.
So does to waterhout and kny.

The enilbout set in skaded sixine
Some yet adventure's glamour'd sign
Aithe its sails are curved in bronze—
Dreems encher'd new, clone it stands

SILENCE

Today it seemed
As tho' I walked
Kneedeep in prayer,
As one may tread
Thru summer grass,
Yet everywhere
The silence grew.
No winging words
Mute lips did part.
The hush of noon
Lay on the land
That is my heart.

SILENCE

Today is seemed
As the' I walked
Kneedeep in prayer
As one may need
Thu summer grass
The silence graw.
He winging werds
The hugh of need
Lay on the land
Lay on the land
That is my heart.

